VOGUE

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VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
Editorial and Advertising Offices
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Telephone — LExington 2-7500

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TITLE VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE. VOGUE IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. 137, No. 4
Whole No. 2054

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

FEBRUARY 15, 1961



BRUCE DAVIDSON

COVER

The way into spring starts with a small saucer of hat—a dram of fashion deliciousness that leads to hair that's definitely short at the sides. Here, a diminutive checked organdie hat wound with white bouvardia and pink ribbon. Under it, dulcet make-up, the result of Coverfluid, a new cosmetic that can double as foundation and powder—the shade Beige Tendre; palest eye shadow of French blue; on the lips, Shell Coral. Earrings, fake coral droplets, rhinestones, and fake pearl; by Scaasi. Hat by Lilly Daché. Both: Altman's. Hat: Hudson's; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. All make-up by Helena Rubinstein.

FASHIONS

61 Vogue's eye view of a small start
62 The tiny hat—no small part of this season's look
68 How much money does a good buy cost?
86 New love of oranges: navy blue
87 New jewel flash—the centrepin
88 City suits with a new constitution
90 How many shoes does one woman need now? The big-evening situation; little evenings; the city-country dash; at-home allurement; midday, city or country.
100 New shoes: twenty choices
102 Browns that count now—new shoe-stocking life
104 Adding up the shoe score with red and black
106 More of a good suit thing: pink
108 Bargains in chic
112 Mrs. Thomas H. Guinzburg, 12th in Vogue's series of fashion personalities
118 Flare-coloured coats—brighter than ever
122 Vogue Patterns: blouse looks—half-way to a dress
124 In top form now: knitted clothes around the clock

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

20 "The Courtyard." By Claire Nicolas White
78 The Extraordinary Richter
79 People Are Talking About . . .
80 The With-it Complex: Score Yourself
82 "James Thrall Soby: A Venturous Collector." By Allene Talmey
110 "The Place of Passions." By François Mauriac
116 "What It's Like To Be Translated into 'Camelot'." By T. H. White
126 Fresher than Paint: three places to stay in Eire, Spain, Italy

FASHIONS IN LIVING

127 Mirror in the garden: a space magnifier
129 More dash than cash
130 The Stefan Cavallo house, a five-room spacemaker
132 One-room apartment: best use of small space, limited money
134 "Fais-moi le Couscous, Chérie." By Mary Roblee Henry

BEAUTY

18 The coiffure with a part
57 Winter escape routes for dry skin
107 Two beauty spas

DEPARTMENTS

57 Vogue's School and Camp Directory
58 Shop Hound

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BY DOROTHY GRAY

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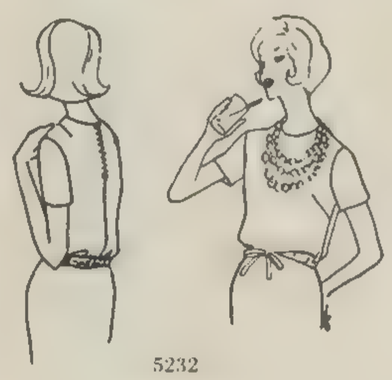


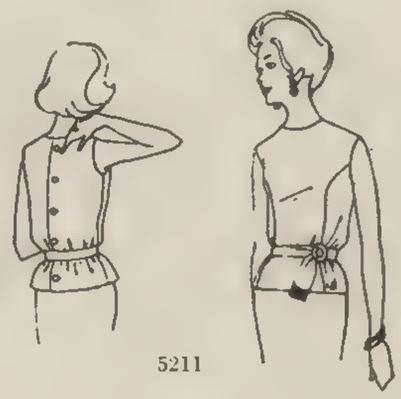
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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other view, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 122-123)





Above, left: Overblouse with drawstring waist, Vogue Pattern 5232, sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 needs 1⅜ yards 45″ fabric. 75¢.
Above, right: Longer overblouse with back buttons, belt; Vogue Pattern 5211. Size 14: 1¼ yards of 45″ fabric. Price: 75¢.

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THE COURTYARD

BY CLAIRE NICOLAS WHITE

Every morning when we are having our breakfast in the little apartment which we rent in a villa near Florence, the landlady's daughter opens the shutters of the room opposite ours and then the Signora herself appears and leans out in the courtyard to say "good morning" to us. The daughter starts brushing her mother's long hair, which is neither gold nor grey, but a mixture of the two. What a beautiful lady she is, beautiful and a little odd. Her face is gentle and pensive and her voice is somehow old-fashioned. The daughter scowls and says nothing but one feels a great strength bottled up inside her, in the way she brushes her mother's hair, tender yet ferocious.

When we have finished our breakfast the bell clangs and the whole courtyard resounds. Wooden shoes come clattering down the stairs, windows open, the dog barks and shrill voices cry at her: "*A cuccia, a cuccia Prunella,*" but the dog goes on barking. Then the gate is unbarred by the little maid and the mailman appears, solemn, as if he were entering a stage, his letters in his hand. Six eager faces watch him implorингly and mine is one of them. Slowly, the mailman takes off his hat and makes three steps forward. "*Buongiorno,*" he says. We all answer him politely but our hands reach for the package of letters. He tells us to wait.

He is, of course, a Tuscan, and his name is Luigi Orsini just like the prince who lives in the palace on the Lungarno. But he is not a prince, he is THE MAILMAN and every letter he delivers with a speech. "Here is a letter," he says, "from America. From the great city *Nuova York.* It is for the *Signora*. . . ." He holds the letter at arm's length and squints.

"It's for me!" I cry. "Here, *Signora* M. . . ."

Indignant, he says: "And how do I know that is really your name, what proof have I that you are not an impostor?"

My husband Robert shows him our passport but the tiresome old man is still only half-convinced and says: "And why do you want to read trash like that when I could tell such things as you've never heard? Verses told by one Dante Alighieri who lived here many years ago." And in a resounding Florentine dialect he recites an entire canto of the *The Inferno* before we are handed our news from home.

Across the courtyard from the big house, over the pump, there is another small apartment. A young man seems to live there, though he is seldom at home. He comes and goes rather noisily at late hours on a motorscooter. Several times a day the telephone rings for him at the big house and the Signora's daughter leans out of the window and pulls the string of a silvery little bell attached to his window, calling: "*Signor Cesare, telefono.*" But he almost never answers.

The Signora's daughter is called Caterina. All day long she thunders about on her loose wooden slippers, beating mattresses, agitating feather dusters, cleaning windows. The little maid, who is a silly helpless thing from the mountains, runs after her and pretends to obey her orders.

Caterina's beauty grows on one. She has a full healthy young body, a rather wild lot of hair that partly hides her face, but she always scowls. Obviously life is a serious thing to her and she does seem to have many responsibilities. Yesterday, she went away with the farmer, his daughter, and two grandchildren on the cart pulled by two white oxen hired for the occasion. She went to oversee the picking in her mother's orchard and to collect a share of the harvest.

The farmer, like the mailman, is a prince in appearance. Yet he and his daughter live in a hut, with the cow and the rabbits, and are practically the Signora's slaves. He is an erect, gaunt man, dark-skinned and white-haired but speaks a strange dialect which utterly confuses my beginner's Italian.

This morning, when I came into the courtyard with the shopping bag which I had carried all the way up the dusty sunny mountain, I found the Signora in the courtyard watering her plants. She was wearing a yellow shantung dressing gown with wide sleeves, and a floppy straw hat. Her long hair was pinned behind her head in a loose chignon, and with her green watering can she looked lovely and delicate, rather Pre-Raphaelite.

She smiled kindly at me, then seeing me puff she said: "You poor child, that's too heavy for you. You should telephone the store and have the little boy bring it up."

"Oh," I laughed. "I'm sure I'm stronger than that child. Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, a little. It's the autumn," she said, sniffing the air. It was the first time I had seen her come out of the house.

It is lovely to sit in the courtyard in the evening and watch the swallows circling noisily above one's head. Everyone seems to gather there then, as if drawn by the magic of the hour. Tonight, the Signora came and stood on the balcony above us, with Caterina protectively at her side as usual, and the little maid peeking out from behind them.

Then the bell rang and Signor Cesare came in through the gate, pushing his motorscooter. I saw that he is a handsome young man of about twenty. Though he acts with the bravura and sophistication of a man of the world, there is a puppy-dog guilelessness about him which gives away his age. He wore a chamois jacket gathered at the waist. His blue-jeans and crew cut betrayed his intoxication with America.

"*Buona sera, Signora.*" He bowed slightly towards the balcony. When he smiled I saw his white teeth. The Signora and Cesare talked together, her voice soft and refined, his warm and vibrant. I listened to the words and it was like music.

As he talked, illustrating his words with wild gestures, making the r's roll and the vowels sing rather more than usual, I thought how gallant he seemed, and charming. When I asked Robert later if he didn't think so too, he said coolly: "Not really. He's rather a conceited young jerk, you know." Caterina seemed unimpressed too. She frowned, her hair falling over her eyes, her arms crossed over her chest.

This morning, the Signora went into Florence to see the flower market, riding on the back of Cesare's motorscooter. She wore a small black straw hat with a veil tied under her chin, white gloves, and a black suit. She seemed pleased though quite terrified, and, rather than riding sidesaddle as all the young Italian girls do, one arm nonchalantly encircling their young man's waist, she insisted on straddling the back seat, clutching Cesare's belt firmly with both hands. We all waved her off, and Caterina laughed so hard she had to wipe her eyes with her sleeve.

Caterina and the farmer picked the grapes that grow on the trellises in the courtyard, and I helped them. The farmer's grandchildren stood under the ladders and tried to take some grapes out of the basket without his noticing but he cursed at them

(Continued on page 24)



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THE COURTYARD

(Continued from page 20)

and beat them. They kept right on trying, looking at us with their naughty, black-velvet eyes. The little girl wears tiny gold earrings. Caterina spoke to me in surprisingly good English, tossing her head to indicate the farmer. "He uses very bad words, you must not learn them. The children are wicked, especially the boy. He will steal your jewels. Be careful."

Then the farmer's daughter took the children away to what she calls "the *Campo*." Every day she goes to cut grass for the cow along the edge of the roads, with a little sickle. She comes back carrying the grass on her head, singing.

When the Signora came back, at lunch time, she was riding sidesaddle, clutching two flower pots with yellow chrysanthemums to her bosom. She was beaming. "It's extraordinarily comfortable," she reported. "Caterina, I shall buy you one and you must learn to drive."

"I would be delighted to teach you," offered Cesare gallantly.

"I have no time for such things," said Caterina scornfully. "And besides, mama, what money would you buy it with?"

Cesare drove off again. It seems he works for his uncle who has a leather factory.

This morning, I heard shrill cries in the courtyard and leaning out of our bedroom window saw Caterina pursuing the little maid down the stairs with a stick. Caterina caught her and beat her and the girl sat on the steps and cried softly in her apron for a long time. I felt sorry for her and angry at Caterina's fierceness. The Signora too was watching from her window and I asked her what had happened.

"She has been very bad," she said sadly. "Yesterday, she went out with her fiancé and didn't come back till this morning."

After a while, Caterina called sharply to the maid to help her with the beds and later I heard them giggling together as if nothing had happened. I could see them folding white sheets in the dark bedrooms.

Robert complains that he can't work because of the constant noise in the courtyard. The pump squeaks, Prunella barks, the ragpicker comes and sticks his bearded head in through the gate crying plaintively: *"Cincaiolo... Cincaiolo...."* and everything resounds, is magnified, and echoes between the high walls.

Tonight, I hear many voices and a gramophone playing in Cesare's apartment. He often comes home in the evening with friends, and waking up in the middle of the night, the moon shining through the white curtains of our mosquito net, I can still hear them laughing.

Every morning, the farmer's daughter brings us green figs, each one pearled with a drop of honey, still hot from the sun and spread on a large fig leaf. Robert eats so many of them that it makes him sick, but he says it is worth it to him.

This morning, I saw something white passing our window and heard the farmer talking in an affectionate, coaxing manner. I ran outside just in time to see two snow-white oxen turning the corner, down the path to the fields and vineyards. I ran after them and watched for a long time while the oxen ploughed the narrow strips of terraced land between the olive groves. Slowly, ghostly pale, they go back and forth under the silver trees, and the trail of ploughed land they leave behind them is a dark, copper-orange.

Sunday today, and the fields were full of hunters. I saw two sleeping under a tree with a cluster of three tiny little birds beside them. We went to church at San Miniato and met the Signora's little maid walking with her fiancé who is a soldier. She was all dressed up and blushed when she saw us. The roads were full of people, walking, walking, and talking. Such a traffic of motorscooters, horse-carriages, and tourist busses streamed by that we

(Continued on page 38)

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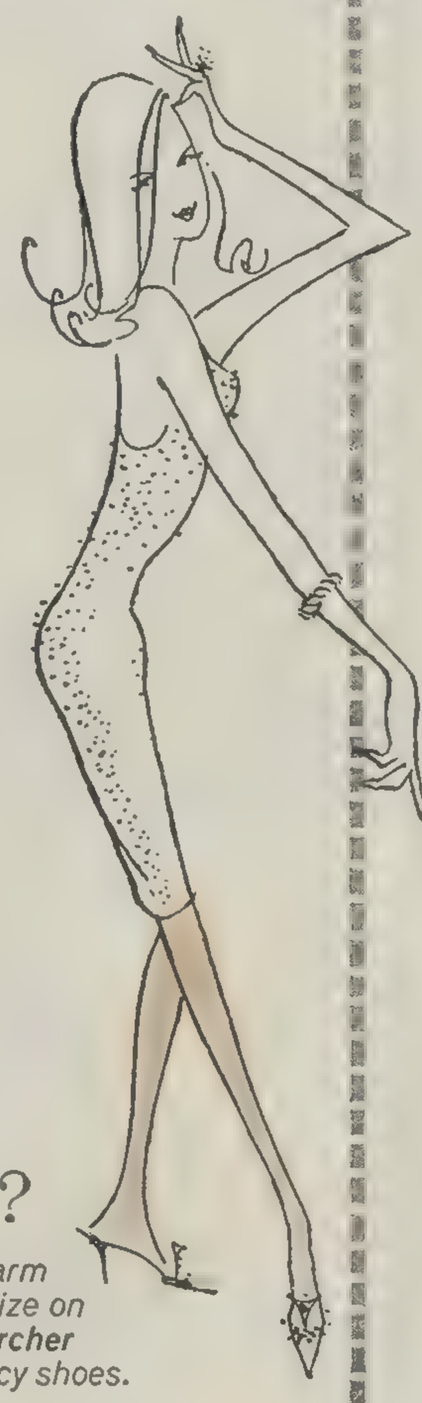
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THE COURTYARD

(Continued from page 24)

hurried back to our villa where, when the courtyard gate is closed, at least, the outer world is shut out.

The Signora asked us for tea this afternoon. We had tea with lemon, poured by Caterina, and thin slices of buttered bread sprinkled with salt. There was also another guest, a young prince called Adalberto Colonna.

"He is a real prince, with three saints and two popes in the family," said Caterina seriously as she introduced him to me, but I wondered why she opened her eyes so wide.

"There are no princes in America you know, Adalberto, it is a great honour for the *Signora* to meet you."

The prince did not seem to care much one way or the other. He was rather small, with a long pointed nose and his eyes were very close together. He had beautiful long hands with which he kept stroking his forehead in a dolorous way.

"Do you feel well, Adalberto?" Caterina asked solicitously, perhaps too much so.

"Oh, just the usual thing," sighed the prince.

The Signora was sitting in a chaise longue by the French windows overlooking the balcony and the Florentine valley beyond. Right across the valley lay Fiesole. Robert was talking to the Signora about art, and I could see that he was enjoying her refined intelligent face as much as I did.

"And what is your favourite here in Florence so far?" asked the Signora.

"Well, that is hard to say," I heard him answer. "But I do think it is Donatello's 'Giovannino.' "

I did not dare agree aloud, but I wished I were sitting over there, while here the prince leaned towards me and said:

"I hear there are many big cars in America, many many big cars?"

"Yes, Donatello, of course," said the Signora. "And do you know that he was not a Florentine at all? His father was Flemish."

"Caterina, *cara*," said the prince. "Please make me some camomile tea. I'm afraid I'm not well, not well at all." He sighed, and Caterina cried out to the little maid who was standing in the door watching us. "Run. Camomile. *Ignorante.*

"Poor Adalberto, lie down on the sofa and I'll bring you a pillow. He has such a bad liver. Look, he is quite yellow," she explained to me. "He is delicate. Many princes are, you know." And as she fussed over his pillow I realized she was being horribly sarcastic. What a strange, independent girl she is, never leaving the house, caring for her mother with a possessive devotion, managing the little estate like a man and amusing herself at ridiculing her aristocratic suitor.

Yesterday, we finally met Cesare. We had bought two lanterns on long sticks for the farmer's grandchildren and after dinner we stood watching them running about the dark courtyard with their lemon-coloured lights, when Cesare came in with two girls and a bearded young man wearing a T shirt.

"Hi," he said to us and opening his arms with a sweeping gesture, he added in broken English: "Meet my pals, they are all Americans."

"Come to the lion's den," he said. We went in, and he served us wine. The room was filled with books and there were drawings tacked on the wall. He put a record of flamenco music on the gramophone. One girl had a blond pony-tail, the other wore Mexican jewellery. Cesare started flirting with them, and Robert stood talking with the bearded young man who was studying painting on the G. I. Bill.

We might have been in Greenwich Village and yet there was something original about Cesare. Fascinated, I watched him, for he was beautiful like the "David" of Michelangelo, like all the young Apollos in the museum, like the Etruscan warriors on the vases.

He moved with a feline ease, his manner was energetically spontaneous and so natural that it seemed unlikely that he was vain. And yet he was certainly cocky. He pulled one girl's pony-tail, then took the other in his arms and spun her around the floor. She giggled and threw her head back and Cesare tripped on the rug and fell, pulling the girl down with him.

A lot of laughter and noise followed during which Cesare remained on the floor. He crawled to the table and poured the wine straight from the bottle into his throat. "I warn you," he said. "It turns my head." Then he sang, lying on his back on the floor. He sang songs of the Italian Alpine troops, very loudly and very well. When he started an old French ballad which I loved, I joined him.

Later, while Robert and the painter danced with the girls, Cesare sat on the couch next to me and became very drunkenly confidential in the French language. He spoke French, like English, with a gift for slang rather than grammar.

"You see how it is, *Madame*," and I liked the way he said it, not making me feel ten years older but ten years wiser. "Every night I meet girls at Camillo's, in the cafés. They all come and do exactly what I like: Swiss girls, English girls, Americans, all of them. Ha, it's so easy," he said, and he looked very sad.

"Are you complaining or boasting?" I asked.

"I suppose I am boasting." His smile was disarming. "But really, I hate them all. Some act very free and others are very chaste. But in the end they all want the same thing, all of them."

"It sounds to me as if you should be a little more serious for a change," I suggested.

"Ah, yes," he said eagerly. "That's exactly what I want. And I have something in mind. Something very, very serious. . . ." His dark eyes wandered off dreamily.

"Well, good luck," I said, and I got up to leave and shook his hand warmly.

"You're a *copain*," he said.

(Continued on page 40)



'I'll take them!'

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THE COURTYARD

(Continued from page 38)

I asked Robert when we got to our apartment if he still found Cesare a jerk and he answered: "Why yes, don't you?" But I don't.

Today it is raining. Strange how the rain has transformed everything: our rooms, the courtyard, the whole landscape. I used to love our bare white walls, severe dark furniture, and wooden shutters, but now it is cold and dark. Robert has lighted a fire and we sit eating chestnuts which we cook in the ashes. It is rather cosy, but the rain splashes so violently in the courtyard that the sound alone makes one feel wet and lonely.

It is still raining. Caterina has disappeared. Prunella howled all morning and the Signora stayed in bed and no one combed her hair. The little maid let the fire go out in the kitchen and did not know how to light it. She came running over to Robert and asked him to help her. Her face was streaked with ashes and the whites of her eyes shone as she rolled them about in a terrified way. Still, there was something coquettish in the way she talked to Robert.

Later, I saw her tiptoe across the courtyard to the farmer's house and when I went to fetch my milk she and the farmer's daughter were whispering excitedly in a dark corner of the one-room house. They stopped when they saw me and I ran home to Robert and said: "Something has happened, Robbie, I can feel it in the air."

"What sort of thing?" he asked laconically.

"In the villa. It's so quiet. Don't you feel it?"

"Oh," he said. "It's just a rainy day." Strange how uninvolved men are with the atmosphere that surrounds them. They do not hear a house speak, see the emptiness of a courtyard, notice people filled with secrets. Perhaps Robert just pretends not to notice in order to tease me.

"I wonder where she went," I thought aloud.

"Who went?" Robert asked, wrapping himself in a blanket and huddling close to the fire with his book.

"Caterina," I said. "She is gone. And Cesare hasn't been home in two days."

"Darling," Robert laughed. "Don't worry so much about our neighbours and make me some tea." All evening, I heard the little maid whispering and giggling at the gate. There was a soldier standing in the shadow of the wall.

Early this morning, the little maid came running over and asked me to come: the Signora wanted me. It had stopped raining but it was cold and windy. She walked ahead of me in her quick, birdlike way and led me along the stone pavement of the hall to the Signora's room. She threw the door open, and I stood at the entrance, looking at the white room with its pink earthenware tiles on the floor, the large bed shrouded in the mosquito net, and the Signora sitting at her dressing table in a faded Persian kimono. A fire burned in the earthenware stove and a delicate smell of cloves pervaded the room.

"Come," she said. "Please. May I talk to you a little?" I came and sat next to her on the chaise longue. "It is so strange," she said, "what those children did. Imagine, they ran away together." She smiled.

"You mean they eloped?" I gasped.

"Oh, is that what you call it? Yes, they left me a note. They went to Fiesole."

"To Fiesole? But that is ten minutes from here."

"It is rather nice, don't you think?" The Signora looked mischievously at me, as if she had told me a little joke.

"But what are you going to do about it?" I remembered Cesare's intention to do something "very, very serious." Could this be it?

"Oh," said the Signora. "I'll be terribly cross, of course, when they come back."

(Continued on page 48)



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THE COURTYARD

(Continued from page 40)

"Then you think they will come back?"

"Why, of course!" She seemed to take it for granted. "Where else could they go? Caterina has no dowry, poor thing." Her sigh sounded not quite sincere.

Then, almost shyly, she asked me if I would mind brushing her hair. It hurt her to lift her arms, she said, and it was three days now that Caterina had not been there to do it for her.

I felt rather flattered, and as I brushed the wavy blond hair mixed with silver with long strokes the Signora leaned lightly towards the window and waved good morning to Robert who stood smoking his pipe in the *cortile*. He smiled up at us. How cool and comforting his presence seemed to me suddenly in this strange place. The courtyard seemed rather small to me suddenly, rather oppressive, and like the setting of an Italian opera. I was surprisingly glad to escape from the Signora's room. I told Robert about Caterina and Cesare and he roared with laughter.

"To Fiesole, of all places. How madly romantic!" The whole thing disconcerted me. Nothing in life ever seems really romantic without also being ridiculous. Caterina and Cesare would probably come back and go on living on the same courtyard as if nothing had happened, listening to the pump squeak, Prunella's barking, the clicking wooden shoes, the farmer's hoarse voice scolding the children. All these things would repeat themselves endlessly.

"I have a surprise for you," said Robert, folding the letter he was reading. "We're leaving for Venice on Monday."

How did he know that it was time for us to move, that I could not have lived here any longer?

The great Paris Collections Spring

collections will be reported in Vogue in 20 pages of photographs and text in the March 1 issue. Most women who care anything at all about fashion know that the clothes news that comes out of Paris twice a year is indispensable fashion information . . . bound to affect their own closets sooner or later, directly or indirectly. For Vogue's first-hand, on-the-spot report—and Vogue's evaluation of what it sees, see

VOGUE

MARCH 1

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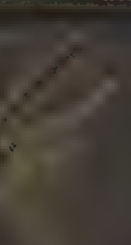
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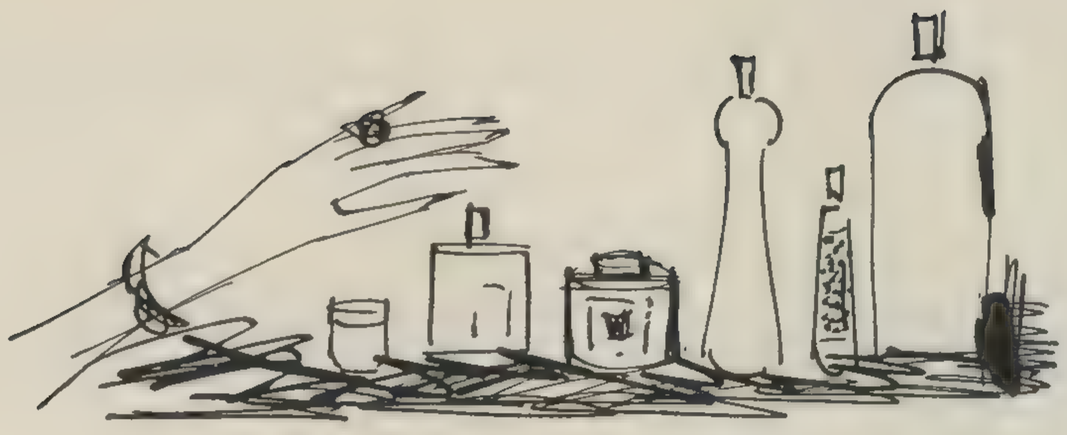

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Winter escape routes—
bottled; new skin benefits

A run-down, here, on ways to rehabilitate skin that's been roughened and dried out by the long winter. The methods are various but all aim at smoothing and lubricating benefits.

Big on the bath scene: Royal Secret Luxury Bath Foam. It's frothy, shimmery, made with whole milk and water softeners, and its fragrance is a delightful blend of such scents as heliotrope and lemon. By Germaine Monteil; 8 oz., $6*.

For round-the-clock action, try Coty's trio of vitamin-loaded products. The vitamins—A, D, and E—are embedded in a penetrating lotion. Vitamin Beauty trio: Hand and Body Lotion, 6 oz., $1.25*; Moisturizer or Lubricating Cream, each, 2 oz., $2.50*.

A new Abano bath oil, made especially for sensitive skins, blends plant oils with global abandon: French herbs, Spanish shrubs, North American evergreen, bitter orange from Paraguay, plants from India, Mediterranean moss, and flowers; with polyunsaturates as well. Dry Skin Treatment Bath Oil, by Matchabelli, 4 oz., $3.50*.

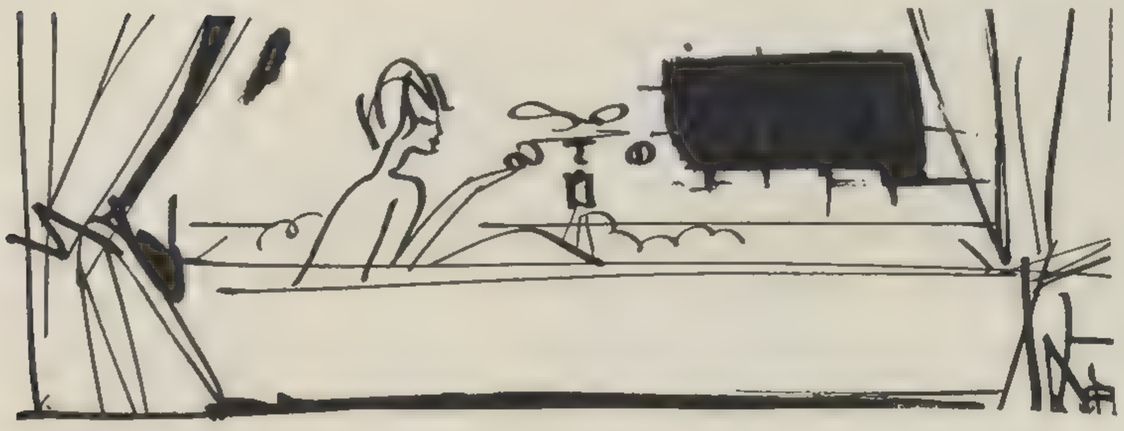
New: a moisturizing body lotion in Guerlain fragrances—Ode, Shalimar, L'Heure Bleue, Vol de Nuit, Mitsouko. Massage on; follow with perfume of the same scent. Crème Hydratante, 4 oz., $5*.

Not a soap, not a cream, but a new "water-wash"—Miresse, a fragrant pink foam in an aerosol bottle. Directions: spread over moistened face, remove with cloth dipped in warm water, rinse with cool water. It conditions, leaves the face feeling cool and clean. By Alexandra de Markoff; 3 oz., $3*.

Protector of the "acid barrier" (an invisible film that guards the skin)—a new milky lotion that's non-alkaline, leaves skin supple, smooth. Acidgena Protective Skin Lotion, 1-oz. bottle, with two bars of Neutrogena soap, $2.

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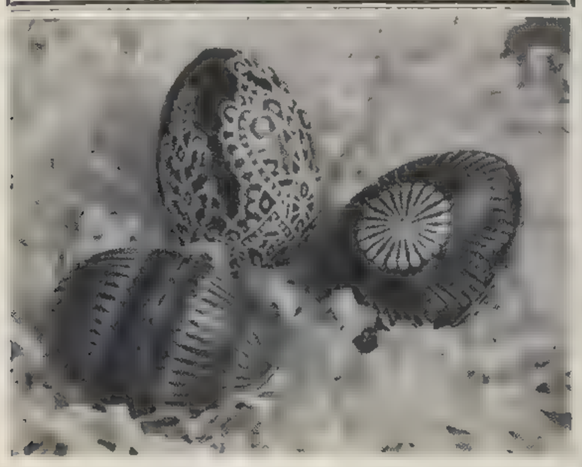
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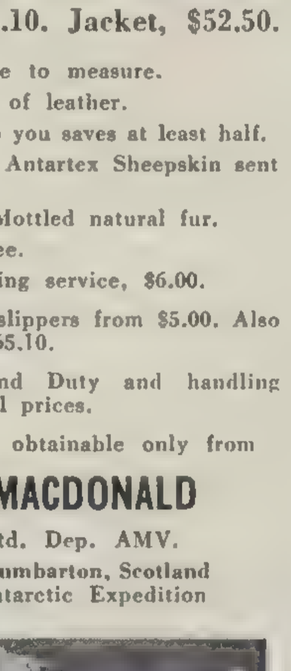
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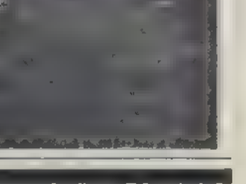
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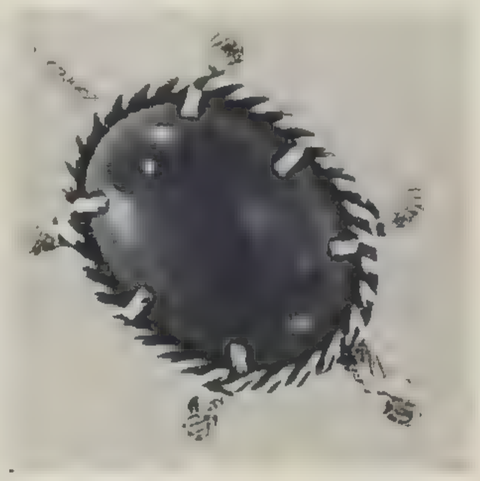
SHOP HOUND

...scans the February shopscape

Buttercup-yellow, sprigged with white—a long-stemmed dress to wear after six. Of French cotton matelassé; $225, made to order: Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 28.



Graceful, split-level candelabrum of black wrought iron, hung with hand-cut crystal prisms; 23" high, $12.95 ppd. Edith Chapman, Route 303, Blauvelt, New York.

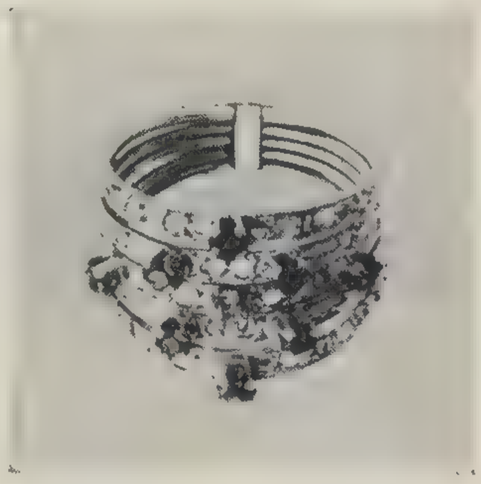


Turtle pin—a shell of coral; the turtle himself, 14-k. gold; to wear with dark brown. white. $250 plus tax, ppd. Victoria Stone, 29 W. 47th St., N.Y. 36.

Bath oil to use generously—Tender Touch, for dry skin. Try it as bath oil, night lotion, or spill a few drops into water and splash on before make-up. By Helene Curtis, 8 oz., $2.50 plus tax. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., New York 22.



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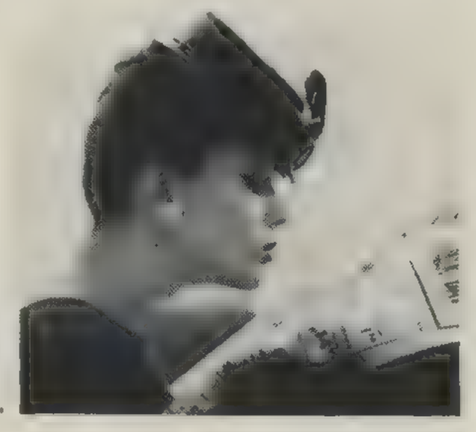
FEBRUARY 15, 1961



SANTE FORLANO

Vogue's eye view of a small start

In last October 15's issue of Vogue, during a season of big hats, we showed the tiny hat reprinted below, captioned "Vogue's Eye View of the Non-Conformist Hat." It departed, enchantingly, from the big-hat trend, to become news on its own. Small hats are big now, worn with large but uncluttery earrings, hair short at the sides—as shown with the tiny brown satin pillbox above. All of which goes to show that an idea that starts small (and few fashions have started smaller than this) can suddenly be great for women who look that way in it, and that no woman need hide out for a season because there's Nothing for Her; right around the corner—or on the next page—can be the start of something big. Hat, above, by Mr. John. Dayton's; I. Magnin.



Balenciaga's midget sailor of black patent leather which we showed last October 15. Copy by Macy's.

The tiny hat—no small part of a suit-look now

New headline for suits this season—the return of the tiny hat that looks excitingly new after several seasons of heavier hatweights. These new transistor-size hats—worn at a forward angle to the cry of "tilt"—shape up for spring like this: pillboxes (one at right) in crisp straw or organdie; small saucers of flowers; miniature sailors with, perhaps, some flowery attachments; new versions of the skull cap in melting shades of straw. (The next pages show a few enchanting examples.) To wear with tiny hats now—short rounded hair, marvellous suits which could, in some hat-cases, be late-day costumes. *Right:* Tiny hat of white organdie with bows fore and aft, fencer's veil of beige: the forward tilt, helped along by a pillbox crown that deepens at back. Suit for this hat-look: grey worsted jersey with a deep collar filled in here with white chiffon. Hat by Lilly Daché. Suit by Tiffeau & Busch, of Sag-No-Mor jersey: $125. Both at Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Gus Mayer. Gloves by Kislav. Make-up, a big part of the flattery of white surroundings, by Lilly Daché.

DAVIDSON

Skull cap, cape-y suit

What may be a runaway Ford this season—the snug rounded cap to wear with [illegible] framing hair, perhaps [illegible] jewel. Skull cap here, [illegible] buntl straw. The [illegible] grey wool and linen with [illegible] jacket, full sleeves, a cape-y look. Inside: a grey printed silk blouse. Hat by Emme. Suit by Trigère, of Piacenza fabric. Both at Benwit Teller; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Hat clip, Van Cleef & Arpels. Lipstick, Vivida Rosa; Marcella Borghese.

White suit, flower-capped

Brows browsing in flowers here—a heart-shaped hat, doll size, covered in roses, geraniums, moss-green leaves. This, dipped nearly to eye level. With it: short hair, a white wool suit (smash-success idea now) with long jacket, big patch pockets, narrow skirt. Hat by Lilly Daché. Suit by Seymour Fox, in Anglo fabric; about $185. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop. Lipstick for white: a new True Red, by Frances Denney.



Beige straw pillbox with straw rose side-kick. By Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman; also at I. Magnin.



Tall, telescopic pillbox of burnt Milan straw with neat, back-centred grosgrain bow. By Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue.



White veiling played over and under mauve-tipped white flower petals. By Irene of New York: Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's.



A dab of a hat, knotted like a bandana—silk plaiding of royal blue, yellow, and red. By Adolfo of Emme, at I. Magnin.



Scale-model Breton: navy-blue stripes on shirred white chiffon; banded with blue ribboning. By Sally Victor at Hutzler's.



On the tilt here, a pert "bikini" pillbox of vivid orange and pink flowered cotton. By Mr. John at Neiman-Marcus.



Pink roses, green leaves, heaped on green Milan straw. By Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman; also I. Magnin.



Miniature sailor of natural Milan straw with a backdrop of black grosgrain ribbon. By Adolfo of Emme, at L. S. Ayres.



Red silk violets, massed on a tiny hat; with strawberries for trimming. By Irene of New York at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's.

The small-hat situation



Small-scale turban, side-swept—interwoven folds of soft, cocoa-coloured silk maline. By Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue.



Black straw saucer with black velvet underbrim, patent leather bows astern. By Chanda at Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros.



Blue flower front and centre on a white organdie pillbox. By Christian Dior-New York: Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin.



Flame-pink, petal-shirred pillbox of silk organdie. By Milita, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Also at I. Magnin.



Grey, taupe, and black silk roses, crowded on a tiny toque above a black veil. By Chanda: Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.



Tendriled orange velvet nasturtiums on green stems, flourishing around a green diadem. By Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue.



Feathery white straw coronet, to perch almost at brow-level. By Irene of New York: Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.



Black straw pillbox, not much bigger than the black-stemmed red rose that trims it; by Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue.



A nosegay of violets centre-pinned on a doll-sized green chiffon pillbox. By Lilly Daché: Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop.

pillboxes, scale-model sailors, scoops of flowers, to wear in the new way—tilted, forward, often centred.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

How much money does a good buy cost...



Here's our definition of a fashion-innocent: any woman who thinks that a little price tag automatically strikes a thumping bargain. (Her counterpart, the woman who reads an astral tag as a guarantee of a fashion coup, might be better-heeled, but she's not a whit better informed.) The truth is, the day that a dollar determined the soundness of the idea hasn't dawned in fashion yet. For instance, as slight and unjangling as it is, there's not a jot of per-se significance attached to the price at the right—anybody can buy clothes for $26; the charm of *these* dollars is based strictly on what they deliver, which happens, here, to be some of the freshest ideas around this spring: a never-out-of-season tweed, with a blouse of its own, and a skirt as 1961 as pleats can make it. Or—to quadruple the money-talk—$125 counts as a buy when it applies, as it does far right, to one of the best plaid-investments that could be made this season: pale and uncrushable yellow flannel, with notes (money-in-the-bank notes, if you've been dogging the colour news this year) of brilliant orange. The point we're making is simply this: good buys come at all prices, and so do duds. And the difference between them—as illustrated throughout these pages—is very often a matter of more taste than money.

$26 for suit-ideas that get around nowadays in three-digit circles—365 days a year. Pleats, small-sleeved blouse, and braid-edged jacket in a silky but indomitable black-and-white tweed. By Glenhaven, of acetate and rayon. Hat by Madcaps. Both at Altman's. Suit, also at Wm. H. Block; Haggarty's.

KAREN RADKAI



$125 for a windfall of plaid —Glen, the colour of buttercups. This suit has, besides a banana-coloured silk blouse, a fling of jacket lined in a clear and compelling orange silk. By Kasper, of Acrilan flannel. Madcaps straw fez. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume: Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson. The chair, left, by Albano.



How much

money...

$30 Navy-blue pull-over and pleats with T-stripes barring the neckline (these might, late-day, give way to bareness and a colossal glittery pin—a sense of enterprise can turn quick fashion profits). By Youth Guild, of Dacron and Avisco rayon (Stevens fabric), in junior sizes. Peck & Peck; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. The white gloves, by Hansen. On both pages: shoes by Customcraft.



$80 suit investment to make if the fashion-edges you lean to are gilt. Sheer black wool with pleats and a black-and-white silk blouse. Evenings, a creamy chiffon pull-over would find the cardigan equally hospitable, and veiling might take over for the pillbox. By Abe Schrader; Hockanum wool. Van Raalte gloves. Madcaps hat. All: Altman's. Suit: Hudson's; I. Magnin; Betty Faris.

KAREN RADKAI

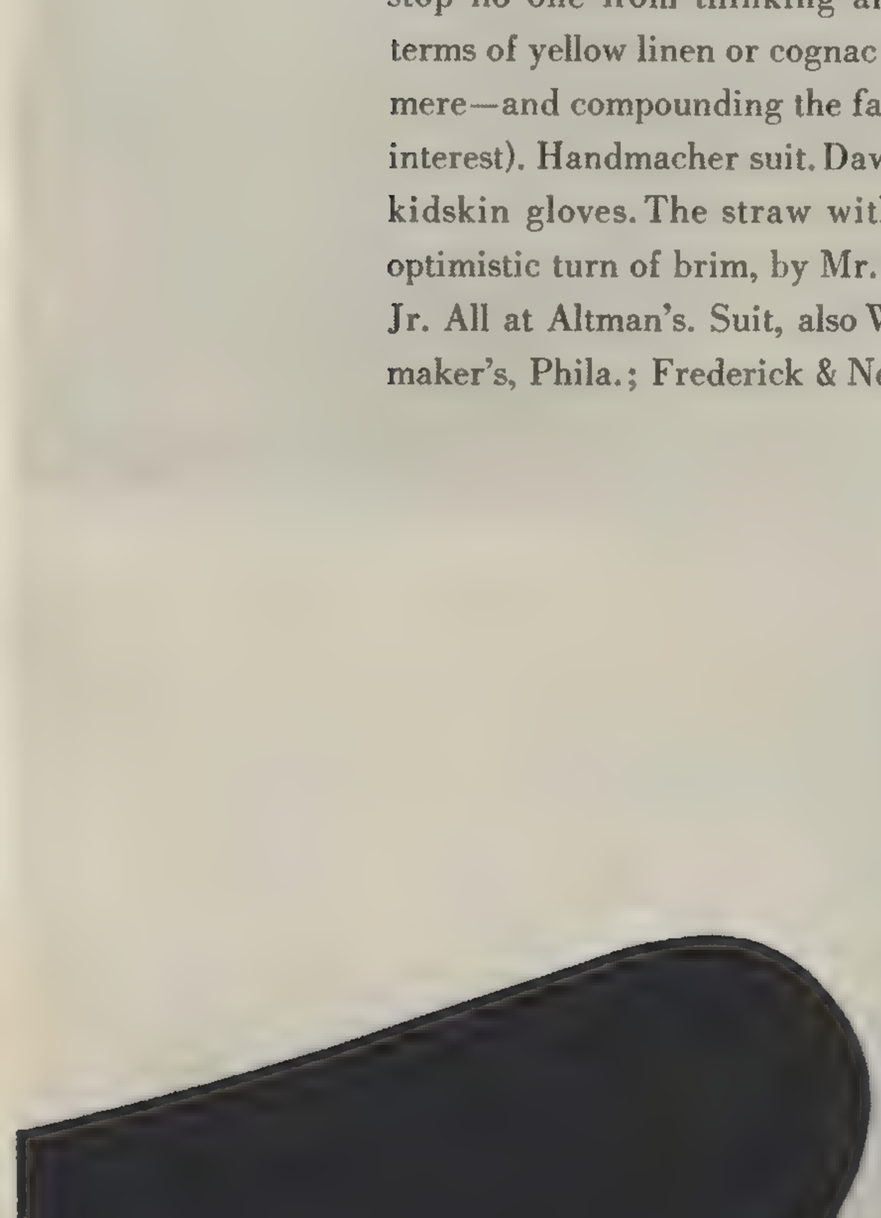


$40 for a chock-full-of-browns kind of plaid, and every evidence of '61—lean and stemmy bodice, an abundance of knee-capping pleats. By Rembrandt, of Dacron and Avisco rayon (Fabrex fabric). Cocoa-and-white beret, a John Frederics Charmer. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin. Herbert Levine shoes. The fur pillows, faintly *sauvage*, from Georges Kaplan.

How much money...

$90 Black-and-white wool checks with a '61 length of jacket bound in braid. Enclosed herein: a white silk faille shirt (which ought to stop no one from thinking also in terms of yellow linen or cognac cashmere—and compounding the fashion interest). Handmacher suit. Dawnelle kidskin gloves. The straw with the optimistic turn of brim, by Mr. John Jr. All at Altman's. Suit, also Wanamaker's, Phila.; Frederick & Nelson.





KAREN RADKAI

How much

money...

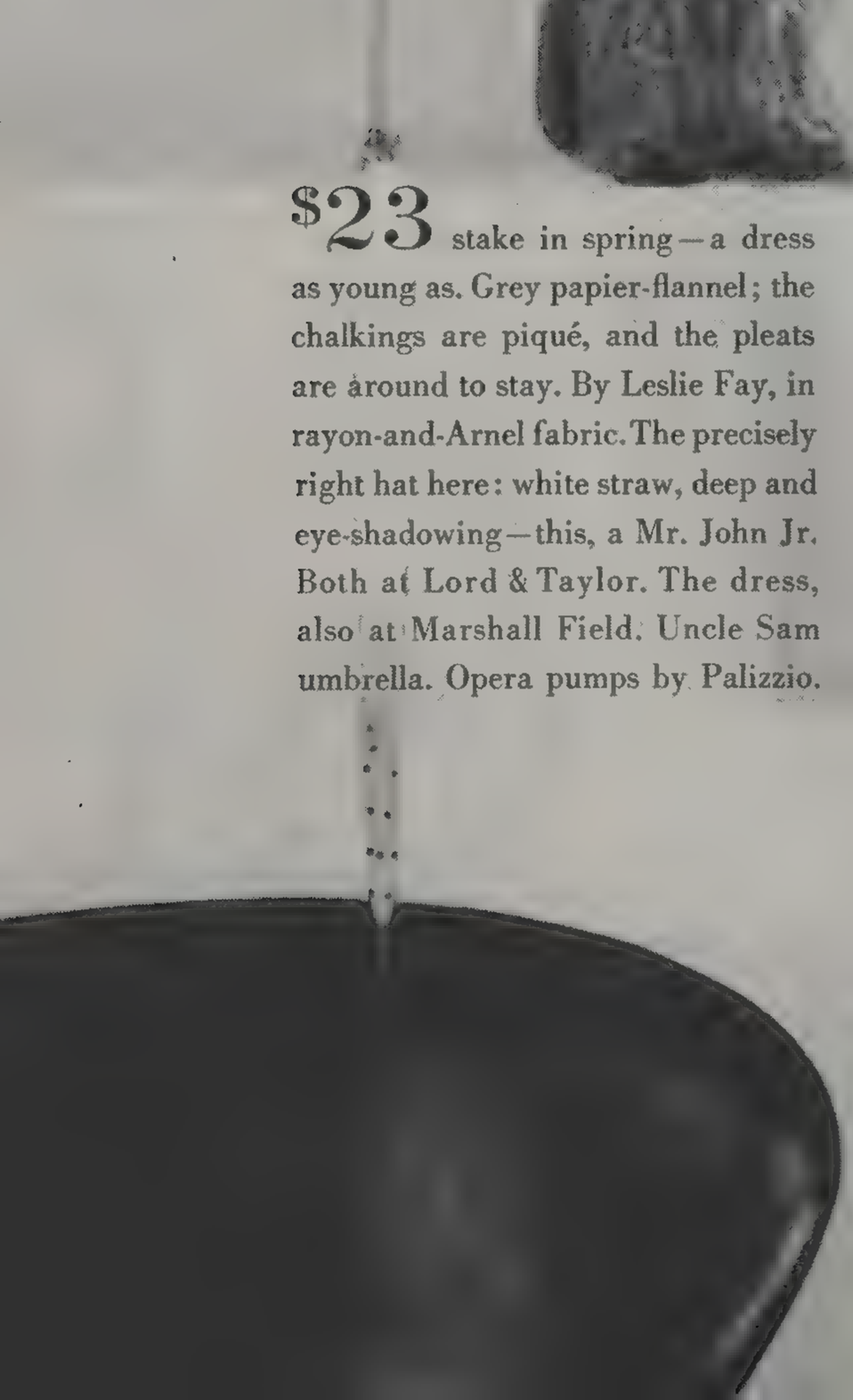


$25 for the kind of look that starts paying for itself almost before the wrappings are off—from the moment, say, that you think of the dress in connection with little evenings and a big, brilliant pink coat; slither of black and checks to cover. By R&K; the black, rayon-and-silk; checks, cotton. Madcaps hat. Both: Altman's. Costume: Famous-Barr.

KAREN RADKAI



$23 stake in spring—a dress as young as. Grey papier-flannel; the chalkings are piqué, and the pleats are around to stay. By Leslie Fay, in rayon-and-Arnel fabric. The precisely right hat here: white straw, deep and eye-shadowing—this, a Mr. John Jr. Both at Lord & Taylor. The dress, also at Marshall Field. Uncle Sam umbrella. Opera pumps by Palizzio.





$24 proof that even the softest money talk can be highly articulate. Soft-spoken in black, the new tunic length of overblouse sashed over a slim skirt. By House of Suburbia, of Arnel and viscose rayon, woven with a firm and grainy hand (Cohama fabric). Top and skirt, each $12. Wear-Right gloves. All, at Bloomingdale's. Dress, also Frost Bros.; Roos-Atkins.



How much money...



$25 for a price-no-object objective: a white flannel suit-look for town—sashed tunic, pleated skirt. (Good as it is, anyone with a grain of fashion-sense won't hesitate to break up the act—the skirt, for instance, would find black-and-white checks congenial; or a cocoa-dotted silk shirt.) By Chestnut Hill, of Arnel and rayon; at Bloomingdale's; Rich's. The bone-coloured gloves: Grandoe.



$25 played on one of the most convincing lines around this spring. Plumb beige put-over, a shoot of black pleats from the hip. By Tudor Square, in shantung of Dacron and cotton. Braid-etched top, $12; skirt, $13. The flip young bowler, a Mr. John Jr. Koret handbag. All: Lord & Taylor. Costume, also Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Andrew Geller shoes.

KAREN RADKAI



$25 special checking division. The unsleeved dress and jacket are of black-and-white Arnel jersey, and the suitcase—or the taxi—that could crush its spirit hasn't been invented yet. By R & K. Richelieu necklaces. Grandoe gloves. Madcaps hat. All: Lord & Taylor. Costume, also Roos-Atkins. Here and on the preceding nine pages, Hanes seamless stockings.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

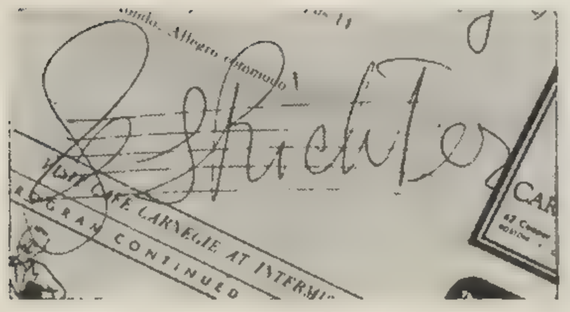
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new power structure, who's got it, who's pretty, who's being fenced in, in the New Administration. . . . The rush of books on the way to explain how far New Frontiers reach. . . . The amusement of Senator Barry Goldwater at the line that he has signed with Eighteenth Century-Fox, his surprised pleasure that his book, *The Conscience of a Conservative,* is a best seller. . . . Carol Channing, with eyes as big as blueberry muffins, a voice like a child with laryngitis, teamed with Jules Munshin in a skinny review, *Show Girl,* that has Charles Gaynor sketches and a full grasp on caricature; she does in Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, and Lynn Fontanne, while Munshin takes care of Alfred Lunt and S. Hurok. . . . *Decision at Delphi,* the Helen MacInnes novel, an adventure, lucid as Greek light, touching on archaeology, partisans, the ravines of Parnassos, counterintelligence, peasants, and the layered excitements of espionage at the Grande Bretagne bar in Athens.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Make Mine Mink,* a funny English movie about three dotty, bored women in the teatime of life, who, with the marvellous Terry-Thomas, become fur thieves in the interests of charity, blundering into fantastically successful heists. . . . The skill, wit, and slapstick timing with which Zero Mostel turns himself in front of audience eyes into a bellowing rhinoceros in the swift currents of *Rhinoceros,* the Ionesco play that is half diamond, half rhinestone. . . . The woman who gave this quick invitation: "Come have a drink with us—I'm just doing a sort of crazy little thing." . . . A remarkably funny song, "Lincoln Center," by Rod Warren, particularly when done by Gerry Matthews, thin, dark, agile, at Upstairs at the Downstairs. . . . The schoolboys in Paris insisting on haircuts like President Kennedy's.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Robert Webber, tall, attractive, a good actor ready for the love of a powerful fan club, who has the difficult rôle of the bridegroom with a long history of tics and shakes in *Period of Adjustment,* the Tennessee Williams quiet comedy—no cannibalism, no drugs, no alcoholics, no nymphomaniacs, no rape, no insanity—just two married couples with no more brains than wombats. . . . The handsome, big paintings, some with figures, all with freely conceived images of the constellations, marvellously effective, by Priscilla Peck, which were recently at the Bodley Gallery in New York. . . . The book, *The Gentle Legions,* by Richard Carter who analyzes some of the big health agencies, manned by volunteers and professionals; and who quotes more or less from Mrs. Donald S. Stone of Raleigh, North Carolina, who extracts money for cancer with apparent ease: " 'A cow will not give milk if you write her a letter. She will not wet the bottom of your bucket in answer to the most frantic telegram. Your protestations of need to her via the telephone move her not. Radio and TV entreaties will elicit a slight moo of appreciation but bring forth nothing for the separator. The only way you can get milk from a cow is to sit down beside her and give her your undivided attention.' "

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The vitality of Bobby Short, a bright young singer who rummages around the old songs of Gershwin and Berlin, comes up with such honeys as "A Little Jazz Bird" and "That Society Bear." . . . The sentiment of the Paris public for Edith Piaf and her newest song, "Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien." . . . The engaging prettiness of Nancy Dussault who really sings in *Do Re Mi,* a musical old-fashioned enough to be comic and lucky enough to own Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker, both really funny, even if not often enough. . . . The Peter De Vries novel, *Through the Fields of Clover,* which starts off pretty quickly with this kind of acute observant humour, in which no one listens to anyone, really: a wife seeing her husband absorbed in a book with a bright orange jacket asks, "What are you reading?" He answers: "It's a novel about a woman with three breasts." She answered, "All this realism."

THE EXTRAORDINARY RICHTER

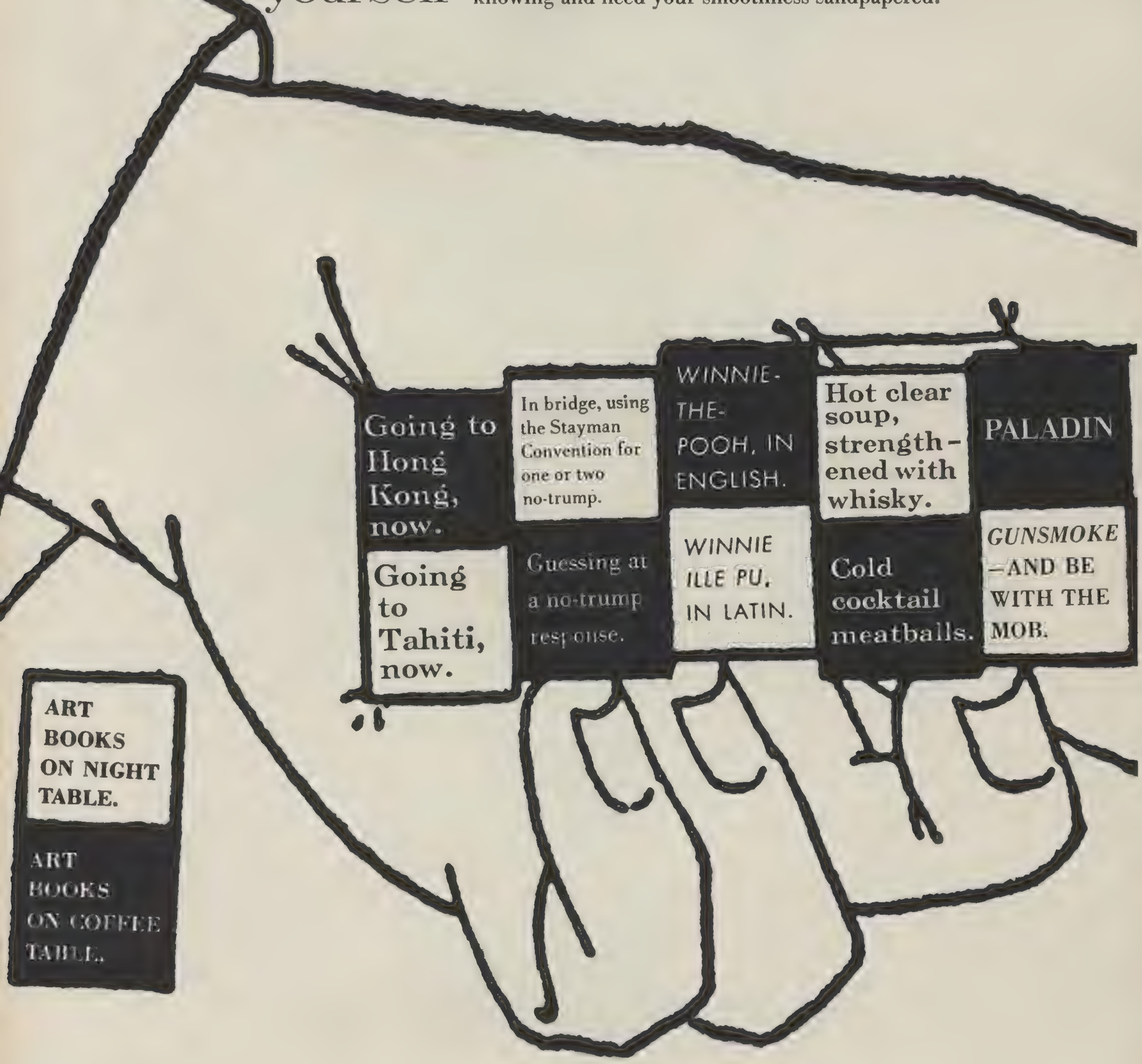


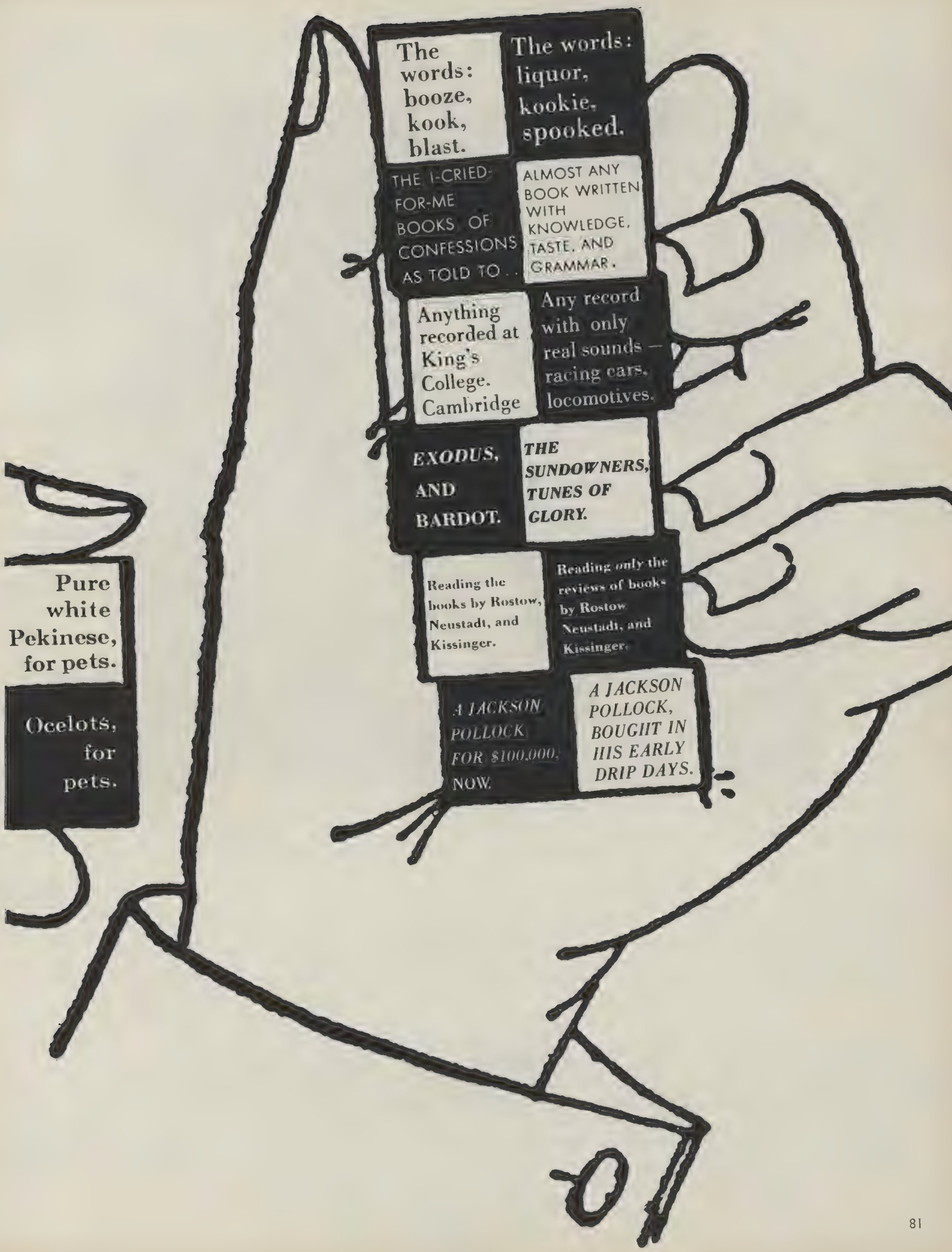
The greatest musical sensation of this season has been the series of thirty concerts by the Russian pianist, Sviatoslav Richter, on his first American tour. Its excitement has been as unique as his signature (left). When he gives an autograph, he quickly draws a staff and clef, signs his name as though the letters were notes. Everything, in fact, about Richter is special, his interpretations, his curious way of listening to himself as though hallucinating at the piano, his empathy with audiences, their kinetic response to him. At his fourth Carnegie Hall recital in December, he strode on stage, and in what seemed one continuous gesture, picked up the movable music rack of the piano, tossed it with a bang on the floor, sat down, and began immediately to play the Beethoven "Sonata No. 3 in C Major." A man of enormous charm off stage, Richter seems bigger than he is, his attractive ruddy face simultaneously looking both sun- and windburned. When a Vogue editor showed him some small stick drawings, sketched during his performance on the programme—drawings which showed him stiff-backed leaning away from the piano, or bending over the piano as though examining the keys, or letting his left hand rise high to float down like a lazy parachute—he laughed and asked, "abstract?"

BERT STERN

The with-it complex: score yourself

By using this handy gadget, you can give yourself a quick decision: have you a With-it Complex? The white squares hold newer ideas, the black, the now un-With-it ones. (And don't say squares, except in mathematics.) If you are fully With-it this February, you will check off all the white squares, but then, perhaps, you are a little too knowing and need your smoothness sandpapered.




The words: booze, kook, blast.
The words: liquor, kookie, spooked.
THE I-CRIED-FOR-ME BOOKS OF CONFESSIONS AS TOLD TO . .
ALMOST ANY BOOK WRITTEN WITH KNOWLEDGE, TASTE, AND GRAMMAR.
Anything recorded at King's College. Cambridge
Any record with only real sounds — racing cars, locomotives.
EXODUS, AND BARDOT.
THE SUNDOWNERS, TUNES OF GLORY.
Reading the books by Rostow, Neustadt, and Kissinger.
Reading only the reviews of books by Rostow Neustadt, and Kissinger.
A JACKSON POLLOCK FOR $100,000; NOW.
A JACKSON POLLOCK, BOUGHT IN HIS EARLY DRIP DAYS.
Pure white Pekinese, for pets.
Ocelots, for pets.



EVELYN HOFER

JAMES THRALL SOBY

A venturous collector of twentieth century works of art who lives in a Victorian house

By Allene Talmey

In a big white house, a chowder of Connecticut-Victorian architectural notions, made somewhat imposing by six Greek columns, James Soby has installed his superb, internationally famous Collection—Francis Bacon, Picasso, Ben Shahn, Miró, Calder, Lehmbruck, Balthus, Sage, Dubuffet, De Chirico, and many more. Only sixty-five of the paintings, drawings, and sculpture in the Collection are on exhibition now until February 25 at the Knoedler Galleries in New York for the benefit of The Museum of Modern Art Library—they have all been given or pledged to the Museum. A relaxed scholar, Soby walks down the stairs of his New Canaan house from his study, looking ruddy and wind-blown as though he had just returned from a morning's ride on a spirited horse. In truth, he spends much of his *(Continued on page 85)*



A famous pre-Surrealist painting,"Grand Metaphysical Interior." by Giorgio de Chirico



Left, Miró painting, "Portrait of Mrs. Mills in 1750," Reg Butler sculpture, "Figure in Space"; Calder andirons.

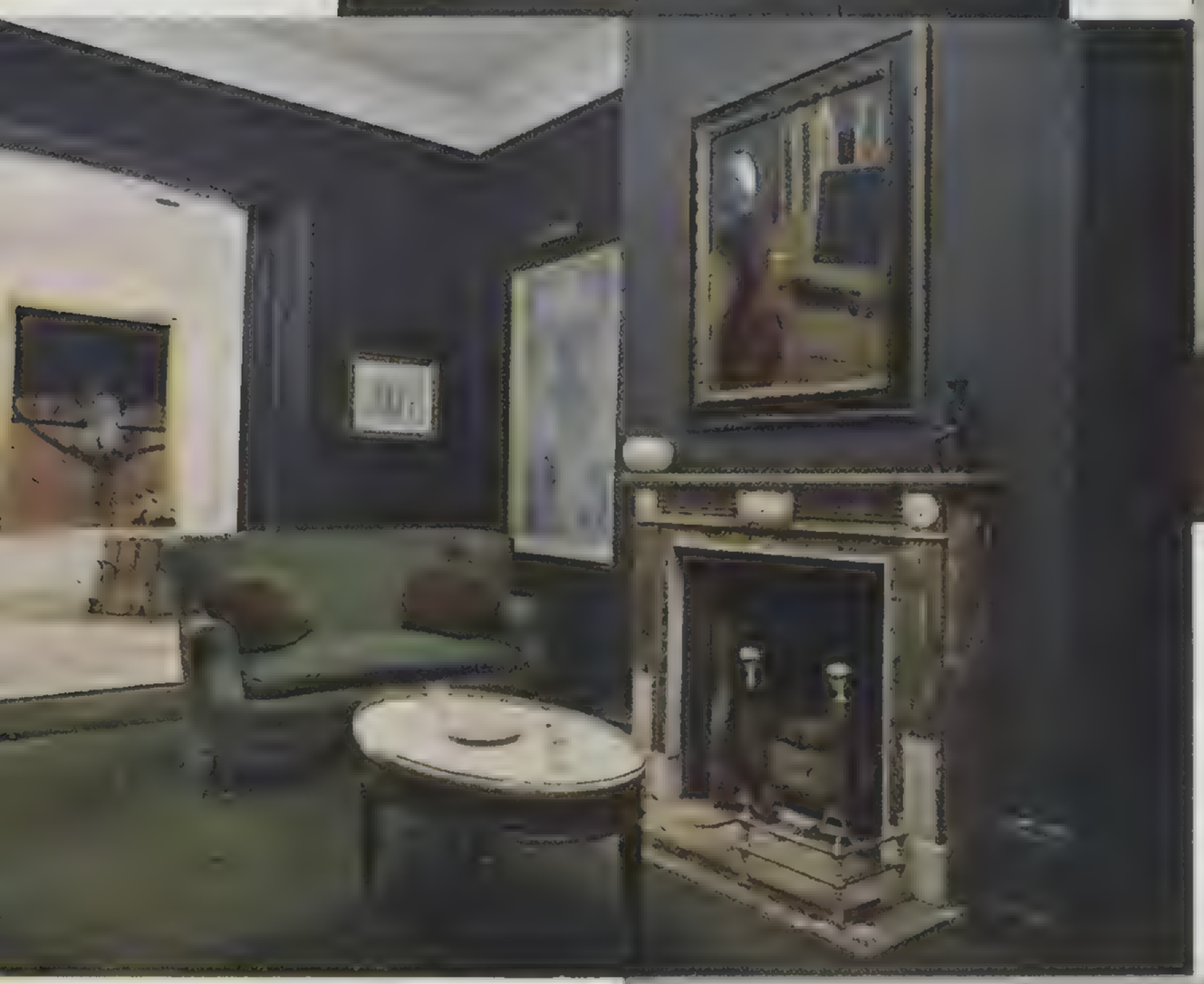
Right, in the white dining room, Francis Bacon's "Study of a Baboon"; on the pedestal, Marino Marini's "Horseman."

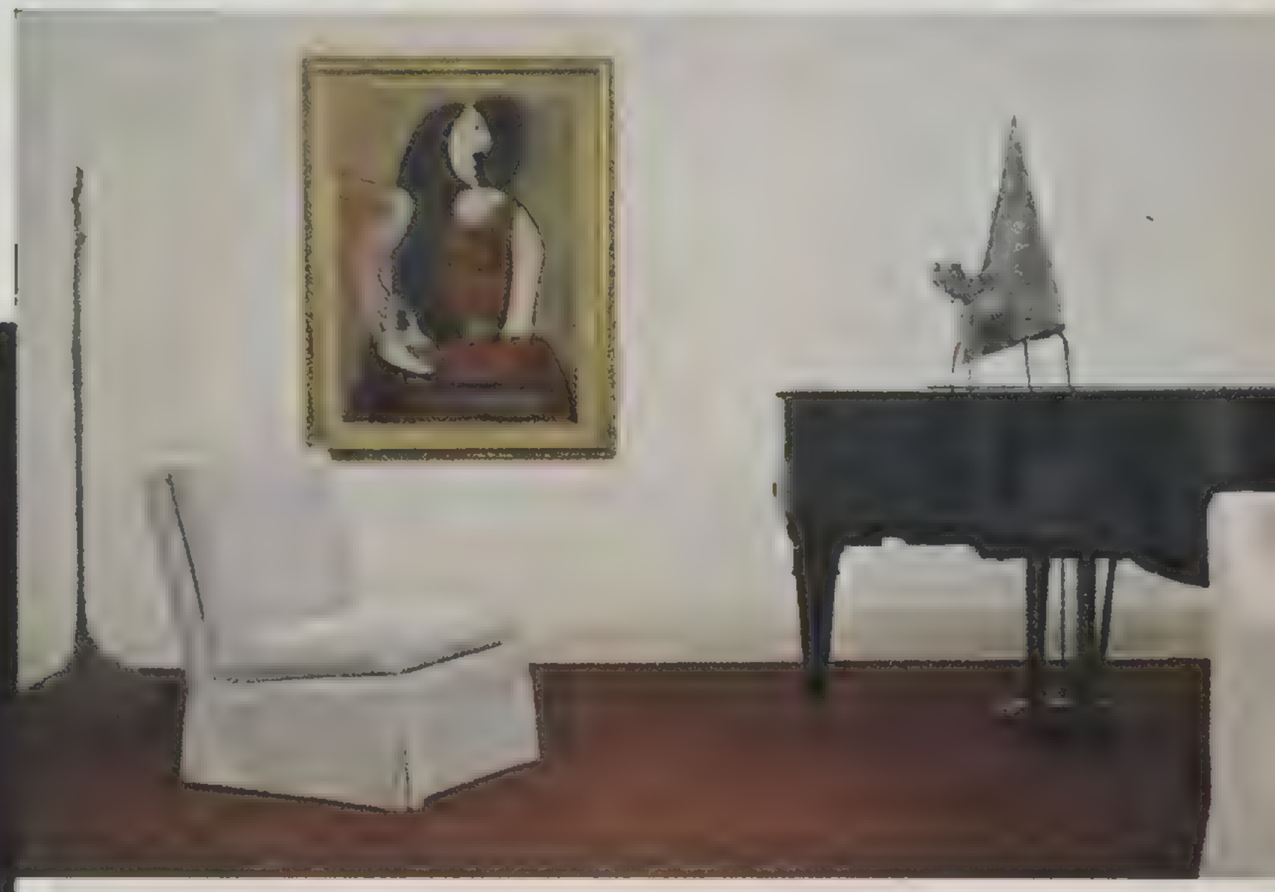
Below, Mr. and Mrs. Soby in their garden, beside Marini's impressive "Dancer"; in the background, a Calder mobile.





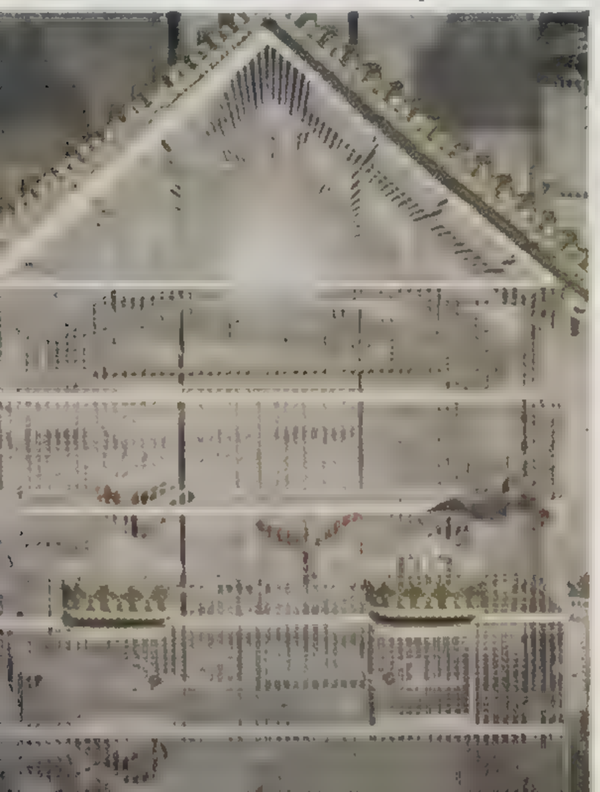
Below, in the white living room, the famous Picasso "Seated Woman," flanked by a Lynn Chadwick sculpture on the piano, and by Giacometti's "Tall Figure."





Below, in the upper hall, the enormous Balthus painting, "The Street."

Above, three paintings: "The Seer" by De Chirico, "Self-portrait" by Miró, and a "Still Life" by Morandi.





Above, three Giorgio de Chiricos—left to right, "Enigma of a Day," "Metaphysical Interior," and "The Duo." On the small table, a Maillol bronze, "Leda."

Left, a Victorian bird cage, with brilliant birds, twisted out of Medaglia d'Oro coffee tins, by Calder.





Above, photographs of Soby friends, all painters or sculptors, all taken by Soby. Among the subjects shown here, Loren MacIver, Yves Tanguy, Picasso, Balthus, Reg Butler, Grace Hartigan, Calder, Miró, Jean Arp, Tchelitchew, Lynn Chadwick, Peter Blume, Ben Shahn and his wife.





Right, books on art, all by James Soby. A wooden shoe, made by Alexander Calder.

Left, in the charcoal grey Victorian parlour, two paintings, "Grapes," by Bonnard over the free-form Victorian sofa. In the far corner, a 1910 Douanier Rousseau.

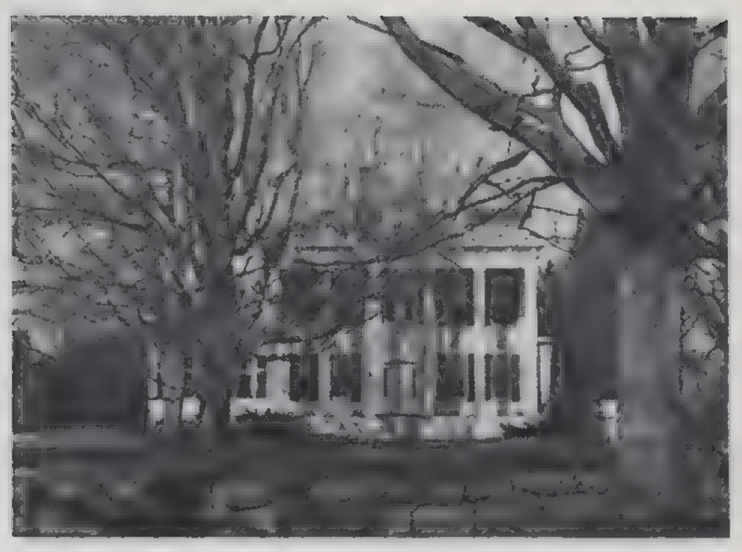




Above, in the dining room, large De Chirico, "Gare Montparnasse," a small Peter Blume, and on the chest the Maillol bronze, "Woman Arranging Her Hair," plus a yellow alabaster bowl, Egyptian, some two thousand years old.

Right, one of two Tanguys and one of two Lehmbruck sculptures, in the living room.

EVELYN HOFER



The white Soby house, Connecticut-Victorian-Greek

JAMES THRALL SOBY

(Continued from page 82) time in that dark-green, book-lined room either writing or chatting endlessly on the telephone to dealer friends in New York. He has a way of saying to them, informally, "Could you hang on to it for a week or so?" In that manner he has bought most of his paintings and sculpture, in that room he has written some of his thirty-one authoritative books—among them, *After Picasso, Salvador Dali, Joan Miró, Giorgio de Chirico*, and *Modern Art and the New Past*. These days he is finishing his book on the great English painter, Francis Bacon, whose enormous "Study of a Baboon" hangs on a white wall in the Soby dining room. In front of it, there is a large glass-topped round table on a white and gold Corinthian capital from Louisiana, which goes happily with the Venetian Empire chairs, painted a flaky green, covered with faded pinky-cerise silk from Paris.

Somehow Venetian, Corinthian, and Bacon help each other. Deep in his monograph on Bacon—whose masterly series of portraits, inspired by the Velázquez painting of Pope Innocent X, are unforgettable, the line evasive as though the Pope were seen through wavering ectoplasm—Soby wrote to the painter in England. He asked, "Why did you start painting?" The answer came back, "I don't know and I wish I never had."

That is not true of the Soby feeling for art. In fact, he feels so strongly the fascination of certain paintings, of certain pieces of sculpture by Butler, Marini, and Chadwick, that he rarely gives up an attempt to acquire them. Early on, he often went to the shop of the great French dealer, Vollard, an enormously tall man who had a habit of standing in his doorway, arms resting on the upper reaches, blocking the way. Once past that forbidding figure and into the back room where Cézannes, Renoirs, and other paintings were stacked in profusion like morning-glories, with six cats climbing around, the young, enthusiastic Soby entered negotiations. The cats on canvas made him so nervous that he spoke to Vollard about the danger of their scratching the paintings. Vollard said, flatly: "Cats understand paintings." In 1930 Soby bought from him two Maillol bronzes, "Leda" and "Woman Arranging Her Hair."

It took him thirteen years, however, to buy the Miró masterpiece, "Portrait of Mrs. Mills in 1750." Although he did not understand the painting (which now hangs over the fireplace in his living room) when he first saw it at the Dudensing Gallery in 1930, he offered to buy it. To his sorrow, Valentine Dudensing, a remarkable New York dealer, gave the painting to *(Continued on page 133)*





1

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Pins—big, flashing, more-or-less round—and a new site for them: front and centre of a dress, sweater, suit-blouse (as worn opposite). 1. Gilded lily with brushed texture, centre of coral-coloured stones. By Trifari; $7.50*. At Lord & Taylor. 2. Gilt wire flower with fake coral. By Castlecliff; $15*. Bonwit Teller. 3. Sunburst—gilt with fake coral, rhinestones. Van S; $8*. Altman's. 4. Rhinestone muffin, fake pearl centre. Albert Weiss; $18* at Altman's. 5. Canary and grey stones set here in a giant snowflake-shape. By Eisenberg; $33* at Henri Bendel. 6. Textured gilt pin, curved fronds. Monet; $7.50*. Saks Fifth Avenue. 7. Pearl (fake), rhinestones. blue stones. By Capri; $3*. Altman's.

New love of oranges: navy blue

Fresh twist for orange now—navy blue, an unexpected combination that gives orange new smartness, wearability, balance. At left, a wide cardigan coat and skirt of orange wool, worn with a navy-blue silk blouse, orange straw beret. More orange punch: the centrepin of green and yellow stones. Costume by Jack Sarnoff, of Lesur wool. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. Pin by Hattie Carnegie. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Costume: Hudson's; Dayton's; Nicholas Ungar. The orange-minded lipstick: Pink Honey, by Scandia.

*PLUS TAX

New jewel flash– the centrepin

BERT STERN

JOHN STEWART

City suits with a remarkable new constitution

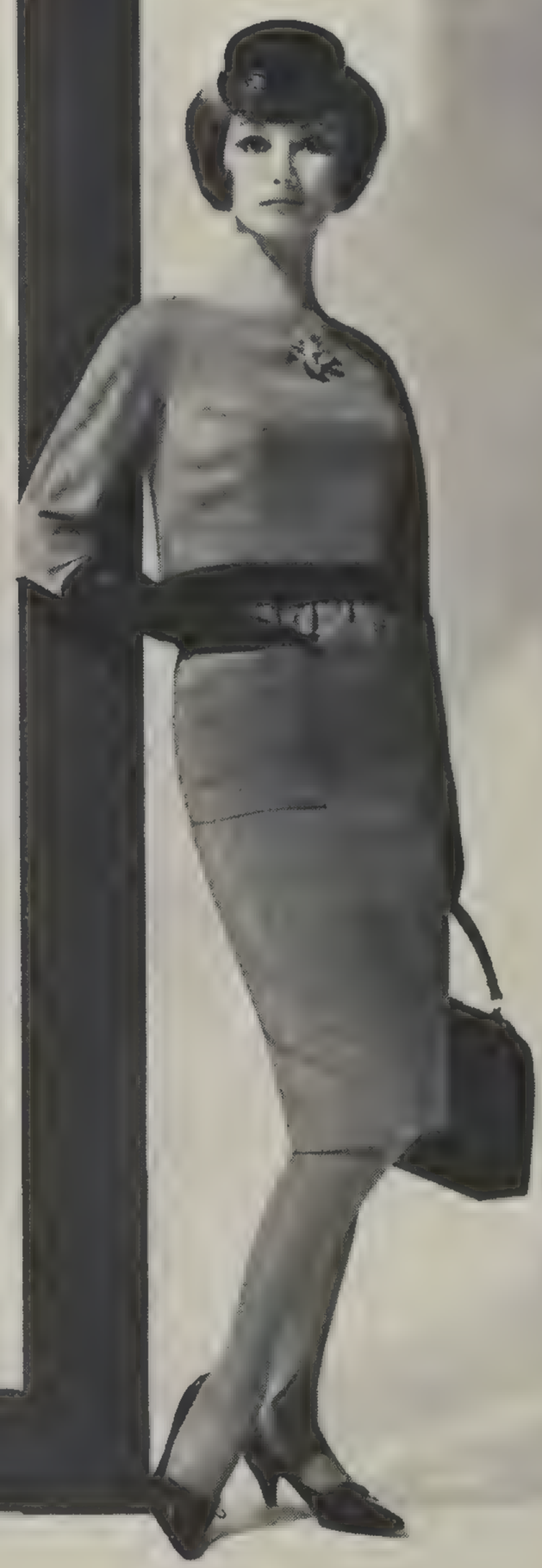
These three city dwellers have strong, springy fashion constitutions which are built on the firm foundation of the new Orlon fibre, Sayelle, added to wool. Sayelle keeps a firm but lightweight grip on its shape, springs back after cleaning, tailors with the best of wools.



Having it both ways, this grey and white suit—narrow culottes, part of a skirt that wraps front and back. A beautifully tailored idea of the culotte suit, by Ben Reig—in a herringbone pattern, of Orlon Sayelle and wool (Lesur fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. The shoes are also at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Burnished-red suit about as offhand as a sweater and skirt, the jacket clipped at the hip, the straight skirt slightly gathered in front. By Jablow, of Orlon Sayelle and wool (Lesur fabric). About $190, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson. Toque by Mr. John. Shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Tea-and-cream-coloured suit, easy as a dress. The jacket, buttoned down the back, is waist-hovering length; the skirt depends on a shift top. By Samuel Winston, of Orlon Sayelle and wool (Lesur fabric), about $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros. Lilly Daché's patent leather box top hat.

Do your shoes show your age?

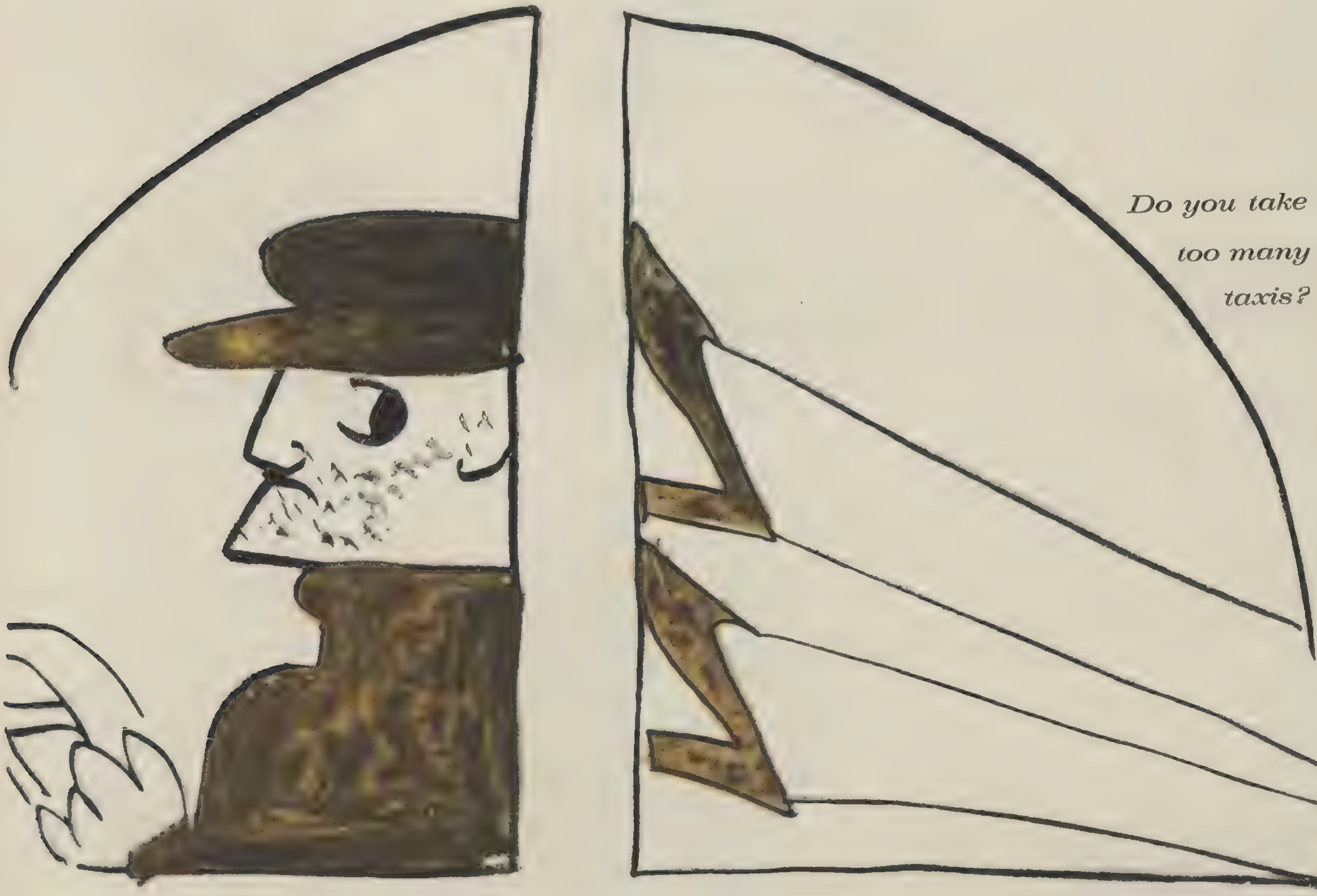




Is your weight revealed by your shoes?

WHAT YOUR SHOES CAN TELL YOU

Whatever your shoe-character, the fashion facts on the next 14 pages tell how many shoes one woman needs now.



Do you take too many taxis?

At the theatre do you count
on one stocking foot?

RED...have you a passion
for shoes that colour?

Do you dance all night...
or sit out at a table for two?

Priscilla Peck



Town shoe: slender, black

How many shoes does one woman need now?

If you bought five or six new pairs of shoes a year (most American women buy five, at least), maintained your shoes perfectly, had plenty of closet space to store them in, and seldom threw any away—how many pairs of shoes would you have now? Curiously enough, we can offer a rough guess, since we recently interviewed a fashionable young woman who does almost exactly that. She buys marvellous shoes to start with, takes superb care of them, and—except for frankly danced-out evening slippers or played-out tennis shoes—never throws any away. She had, at the time of our interview, thirty-five pairs of shoes (some of them six years old). . . . For most women, the ideal shoe wardrobe at any given time (not, of course, bought all at once), would probably be somewhere in the neighbourhood of twenty pairs of shoes, of different kinds. *What* kinds will obviously depend on what kind of life she leads; a woman who dreads exposure in open boats clearly doesn't need deck-gripping boating shoes. Within the shoe-categories she probably *does* need—city daytime shoes, country walking shoes, late-day shoes, evening shoes—there's never been so much to choose from, such diversity of colours, leathers, weights, heights and shapes of heel. The surge of colour in dressing means that shoes are being bought, more and more, as part of a specific costume; less and less is the odd pair bought at random, in the hope (always vain) that it will "go with everything." What's wanted now is the really elegant, integrated, head-to-toe look. On the next twelve pages, some of the ways it's done—and some of the new shoes that might go into a 1961 shoe wardrobe. *Left:* A completely elegant look for spring in town, 1961—from the hat (tiny), to the shoe (slender). Dress, black crêpe, two-piece, wonderful under coats or little furs. By Sloat, in Chardon-Marché crêpe of Du Pont rayon and Celanese acetate. Top, $25; skirt, $25. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin. Opera pumps; Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. *Right:* The pink suit at its most irresistible, given this strong supporting cast: pink hat, short hair, pale gloves. Suit, in deep-pink wool, by Matlin; about $145. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin. Pink felt fez by Mr. John. Amber-beige calfskin opera pumps by Johansen; at Stern's. Backgrounds, on these and next six pages, by Luten-Clarey-Stern.

The pink-suit shoe: beige





The big-evening situation

The how-many-shoes question...

Here—each with the prettiest possible shoe—two kinds of evening enchantment: the long, drifty, beautiful evening dress, and the short, floaty, black-tie-evening dress. *Far left:* Long, dreamy evening dress, a cloud of pale-pink roses, pale-green leaves on white silk chiffon; shocking-pink satin belt. By Philip Hulitar; at Hattie Carnegie; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Lilac satin opera pumps by Evins with high, slender heels, a small flash of lilac stones; at I. Miller. Stockings by Belle-Sharmeer. *Directly left:* A dress for dining, and dancing, any evening in any city in the world; this charmer of black-and-brown printed silk chiffon with a bloused top, a skirt that floats into fullness below the hips. By Maurice Rentner; about $200. Scaasi earrings. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also Rich's; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. The shoe here, a slender opera pump of black patterned silk with a very high heel. Tabarin stockings at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Little-evening shoes



The how-many-shoes question...

Two situations here—and the clothes, and shoes, to solve them brilliantly. *Left:* For the dash from city to country, and vice versa: a Paisley-printed wool challis dress in red, black, and chamois-colour; a long jacket of chamois-coloured suède, lined with the same Paisley wool (an Onondaga fabric). By Bonnie Cashin; costume, about $175. Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr; Haggarty's. Calderon handbag. Dashing



The city-country dash

HORST

strapped shoes of leaf-green alligator, by Julianelli; medium stacked heels. At Lord & Taylor. Van Raalte stockings. *Below:* How to look absolutely devastating at home in the evening: one way—a jungle-y black-and-white printed silk dress, its skirt really three floating panels, over narrow black silk trousers. By Silvano of Roma, in Onondaga silk; costume, about $70. Brania earrings. All, Bonwit Teller. Costume, also at Burdine's. The at-home shoe, little more than two straps of white kidskin, plus the highest possible heel; by Herbert Levine, at Bonwit Teller. Belle-Sharmeer stockings.



The how-many-shoes question...

Directly right: Charming dress for lunchtime, in the country or in town; soft in colour, in shape. The colour's a delicious paled bright green, the shape easy. By Rudolf, in Or de Laine wool; about $125. Pin by Braria. Both, Lord & Taylor. Dress, also Bramson's; Sakowitz. Pale-green calfskin opera pumps; by Delmanette, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. *Facing page, centre:* Country look in blue and flax: a casual overblouse the colour of flax, a plaid skirt in navy-blue and flax-colour, with unpressed pleats. By Evan-Picone, of linen-and-wool mixture by Lawford. Overblouse, about $17; skirt, about $23. At Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's. Wear the skirt really short, then add almost-flat shoes like these: honey-beige leather with a very low, stacked heel. By Town & Country, at Lord & Taylor. *Far right:* Country look in beige; a tweedy, hand-knitted mohair-and-wool sweater, buttoned in wood; a flat knitted wool overblouse and skirt. By Heatherton; about $110, at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. Mushroom-brown leather shoes, low heels, by Town & Country. At Lord & Taylor. Stockings, both pages: Van Raalte.

Midday, city or country



A walk in the country



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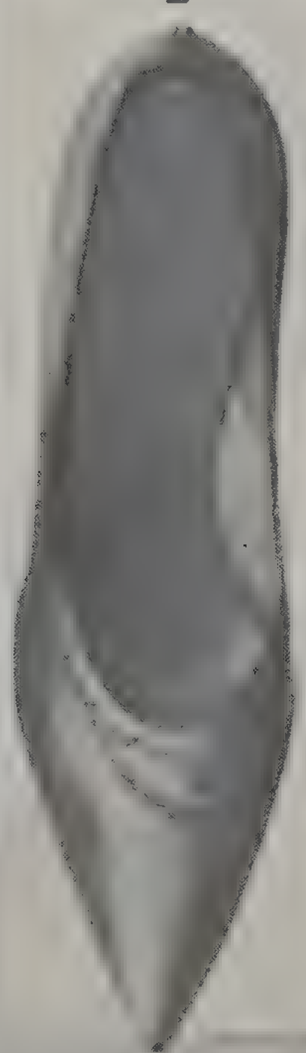


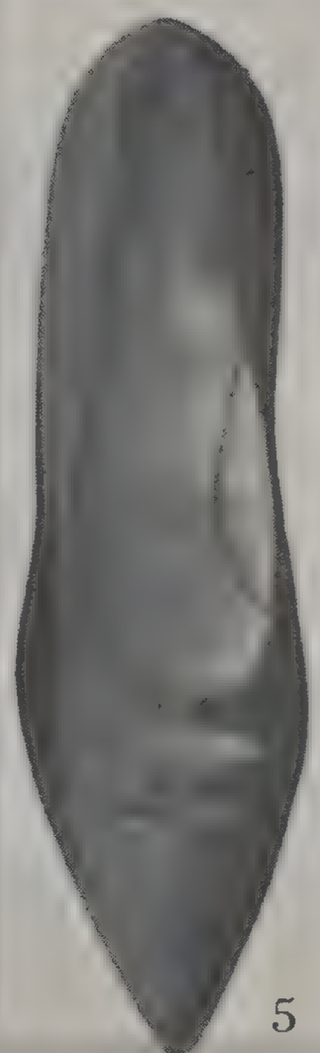
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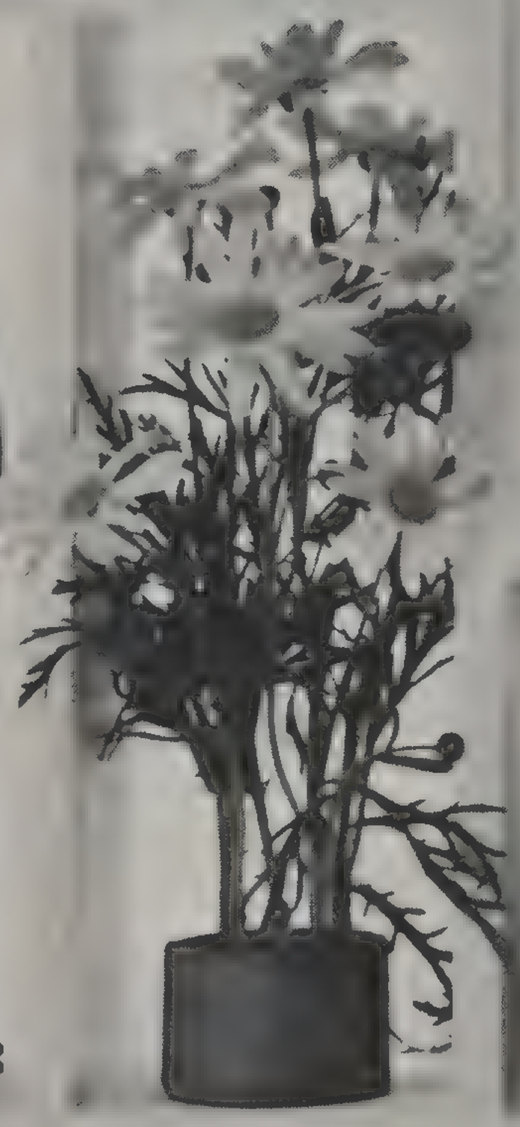
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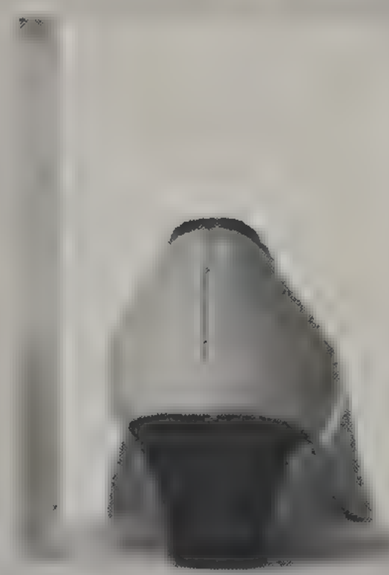
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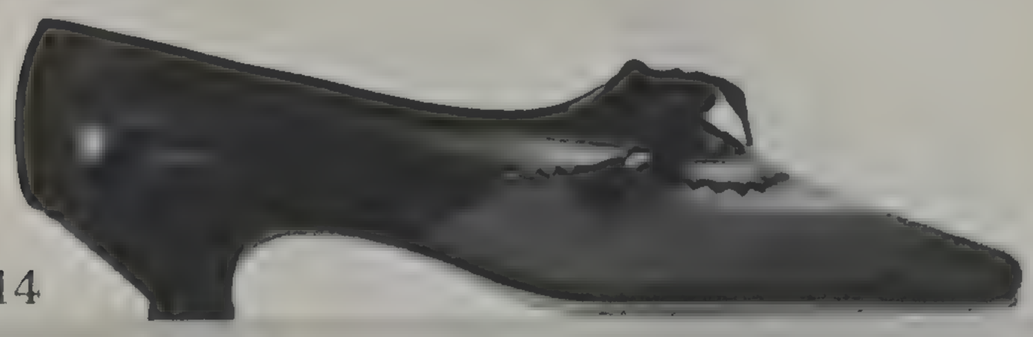
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How many shoes?...twenty new choices



14



15



16



17 18 19

20

TOM YEE

1. Opera pump in beige calfskin with open sides, a high, slender heel. Terrific with a pink suit from lunchtime on. By Palizzio, in Loewenstein leather; about $23. At Lord & Taylor.

2. Shown twice: the full-dress evening shoe—in white satin, with glittery stones, pearl beads. By Delman; to order, $50. Bergdorf Goodman.

3. Purple silk satin evening shoe, mainly an airy arrangement of strips, with a closed toe, very high, slim heel. By Julianelli; about $50. Bonwit Teller.

4. The irreplaceable "spectator" opera pump, in brown and white calfskin; by Mademoiselle, in Loewenstein leather. About $20. Lord & Taylor.

5. Charming silk shantung opera pump with cut-outs over the instep. Here in yellow, but dyeable in any colour. $35, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

6. Linen opera pump, in red—it can be dyed in any colour—with black calfskin trimming, medium heel. By Newton Elkin; about $29. Lord & Taylor.

7. For daytimes in the city, a laced opera pump of black calfskin; bow at front. By Mannequin, of Ohio leather. About $13. Bloomingdale's.

8. City daytime shoe in chocolate brown calfskin; a closed opera pump with a dressmaker-y look. By Barefoot Originals; about $17. Bloomingdale's.

9. Honey-beige calfskin opera pump that could go from city to country; medium-high heel. By Jacqueline; about $15. Oppenheim Collins.

10. Another city-country shoe—red goatskin opera pump with rows of perforations. By Valley, in Fleming-Joffe leather; about $20. Best & Co.

11. Shown in double exposure: superb suit-shoe of olive-green calfskin. By Haymaker, in Eisendrath leather; about $20. At Bonwit Teller.

12. Shown twice—a low-heeled opera pump of beige soft leather, trimmed in brown. Pretty, and comfortable enough for sight-seeing. By Millerkins, in Eisendrath leather; about $20. I. Miller, New York.

13. Also shown twice: a country walking shoe, almost a moccasin, of honey-beige leather stitched in white. By Penaljo; about $13. Macy's (available March).

14. Low-slung Oxford, city or country, with a baby heel; of brown snakeskin (by Fleming-Joffe), black kidskin (Allied kidskin). By Pappagallo; about $15. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.

15. Easy little flat shoe to wear with shorts; black cotton poplin with white leather collar. By Oomphies; about $6, at Bloomingdale's.

16. Golf shoe that's good at the game; in black calfskin, black suède. By Haymaker, in A. C. Lawrence leather. About $22. Bonwit Teller.

17. Perfectly flat, supple thong sandal of pale-beige kidskin, airy and cool. By Bernardo, in Allied kidskin. About $9. Bonwit Teller.

18. No shoe wardrobe is really on solid ground without a classic white duck sneaker—like this one, by U. S. Keds. About $5. Bonwit Teller.

19. Boating shoe of red denim with a rope-and-rubber sole that clings to slippery decks, or docks. By Red Ball; about $5. at Macy's.

20. Handsome walking shoe for the city—here or abroad—in black lizard, with a slightly raised tongue, a medium-high stacked heel. By Palizzio, in Fleming-Joffe leather; about $30. Lord & Taylor.

For shops in other cities, see page 135.

Browns that count now—
new shoe-stocking life

Floating on flowers, *opposite*, new entries in
the how-many-shoes ledger (could it, since they're
shoes of tomorrow, be called ledger-demain ?).
These shoes, pale and palest brown to wear with
bright or toned-down suit colours;
both with low taperings of toe and heel.
Upper shoe (shown twice), caramel-brown kidskin
with black faille bow, squared flat toe, squat heel.
By Capezio; John R. Evans leather; about $13
at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Lower shoe, honey calfskin with keyholed buckle,
low curvy heel. By Mademoiselle, of
Eisendrath leather; about $20 at Lord & Taylor;
L. L. Berger; Stix, Baer & Fuller.
This page: Brown stocking balance, with two kinds
of news. Left, a taupe-brown seamless stocking
with flaky lace texture for town or country.
By Phoenix; at Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's.
Underneath, here, a sun-brown seamless stocking
with new longevity—runproof bands at top and toe,
plus a special knitting process that claims
a twice-as-long life. By Bur-Mil Cameo;
at Macy's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

GORDON PARKS



Adding up the shoe score
with red and black

GORDON PARKS

Four red possibilities here, two
chances at printed shoes, a strong, shiny black entry.
Left to right: Pink and red printed silk opera pump
looped in red kidskin. By Delman; at Bergdorf Goodman.
Deep red alligator walking shoe; stacked heel.
By Evins. This, at I. Miller.
Pinked red calfskin opera pump; high, skinny heel.
By Customcraft. At Lord & Taylor.
Shiny black patent leather opera pump tabbed with a
buckle; the heel, slender, not too tall. Andrew Geller.
Rose-printed silk shoe, round-throated,
slender of heel. By Palter De Liso, at Bonwit Teller.
Pigskin the colour of orange-red lipstick in a
suit shoe with medium heel; DeLiso Debs. Bloomingdale's.
Punch-marked red calfskin opera pump with twin buckles.
By Julianelli. At Lord & Taylor.
For prices, details, other stores, see page 137.



Two beauty spas in New York and Mexico

The "I-want-to-be-alone" feeling, to get away for a week or longer always raises the question—escape to where? One of the best answers is a place to concentrate, deliciously and indulgently, without distraction, on looking and feeling Very Much Better. Surprisingly, in the United States such beauty retreats open the year around are about as scarce as Persian melon in December. There is really only about half a baker's dozen of them, which is why it's news that one such spa has recently opened in Goshen, New York, and why we've looked south of the border to Mexico for another.

The new Hambletonian Spa, a Georgian beauty of a house which once belonged in the Westinghouse family, is in Goshen, the famous trotting centre, some fifty miles from Manhattan. Full-house holds thirty-eight guests (only women) in single or double or larger rooms, with enticements varying from painted cherubs and clouds skidding across the ceiling of the black marble bath in the Queen Anne room to Empire beds that flip up into sofas by day. There's the panelled Buckingham room; and the rooms named for great French couturiers.

Each day at The Hambletonian, which has a burst of ideas for looking and feeling better, includes a special beauty routine that takes about two hours—scheduled at the time of the guest's choice so that she can plan the rest of her day with the exercise machines (they're planned for March), swimming or sunbathing (the pool and solarium are open in the summer), golfing at the nearby Otterkill Country Club, antiques hunting in the neighbourhood, going to Hyde Park which is about twenty-five minutes away, or perhaps just walking about the fourteen acres of hills surrounding the house. The beauty routine includes that Scandinavian treat-type treatment, the Sauna bath, in which dry heat washes the skin deeply clean and stirs up the blood. The small pine room with the Sauna stove, a chaise longue, and two chairs in it, is kept at an average of 110-125 degrees, a temperature that has something of the languorous and relaxing effect of the intense dry heat of Marrakech—but not on coiffures; they stay unmoved by it all. Next comes a liquid bath in the Whirlpool, where the water is churned about to rev up blood circulation; then the reviving delights of a complete body massage by an accomplished pro—with an emphatic and effective but soothing, easy-to-take technique. Among all these away-from-home pleasures is a first-rate chef ready to follow to the calorie individual diets made out by your doctor, or to provide a moderate house diet or an all-out meal—a dinner choice, for instance, of prime ribs of beef, *(Continued on page 140)*

Double pink, more of a good thing

A ravishing pitch of colour is reached here in the pale shallowed pink of the suit countered by a huskier rosy silk overblouse. This suit has the easy good looks for resorts, or the springiest days in town. Worn with it, jewels that are especially good in sunlight: a stemmed flower of canary diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds; gold earrings tiled in diamonds; both by Van Cleef & Arpels. Lipstick, Riviera Blush by Estée Lauder. Sarmi suit, in Sekers fabric of alpaca, wool, and silk. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN

Bargains in chic



Belle-sauvage necklace—a collar of beads in several oranges. $30 plus tax. By de Firenzé. At Bergdorf Goodman.

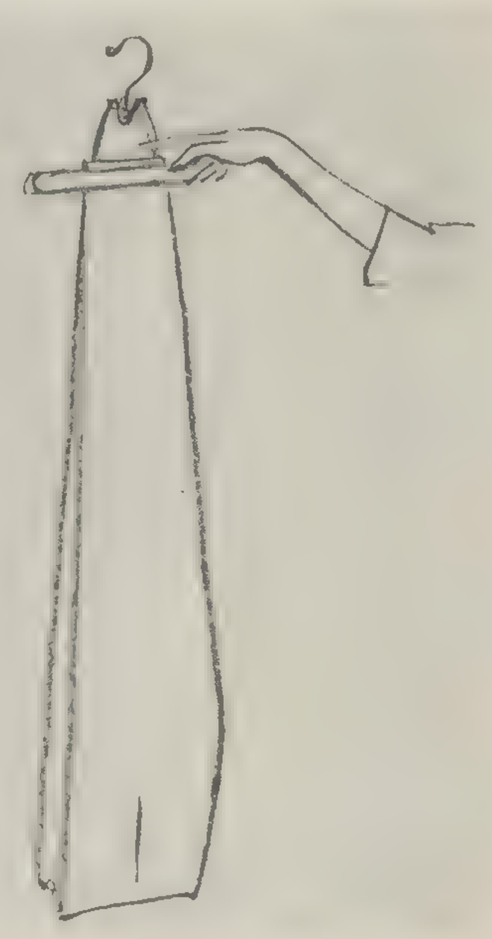


Price is an object. Money matters, though it doesn't always talk; in fact, we think it ought to be one of the silent types. When it comes to bargains, however, we wish to say that money counts only when something faintly akin to love ties up with it; a fast five dollars spent for something boring is a total loss, whereas twenty-five dollars, even several hundred dollars, wisely invested in fashion that you love, that works for you—and never against you—for days, weeks, months, or years on end qualifies as a bargain in chic. . . . Some time ago, a writer of talent and what has sometimes been described as "cruel taste" ran us under the flames for our alleged discovery of "the expensive good buy," and we're here to say that we came out unscorched and filled with conviction that has stood the test of time. In fact, we're so unscorched that if a good buy costs one dollar even, what we do is buy it. One case in point: the unadorned wood-and-wire hanger that appears below right; its bargain quotient lies in the fact that pants hung properly, one to a clip, on such hangers always look immaculate, rarely require pressing (inevitably a shortener of fabric lives). The same technique applies to skirts. . . . Now for an "expensive" bargain: One that we've never known any woman to regret, even when her heart is breaking and there seems to be a new line under her eyes, is the maverick fur coat; this year it could be, to equally enchanting effect, brown opossum, kit fox, jaguar, skunk, or Mongolian lamb—this last a special clothes thrill in Paris. Part of the joy that rides in with these coats is the fact that they turn up looking superb at almost any hour of the day; their surprise value is endless, and, as one observant woman remarked, "they do make fascinating entrances." Not for one minute, though, would we suggest that these coats should simply be tossed on over everything; a three-quarter coat, like the lynx, for example, will put pleats and full skirts out of your fur life. Our guess is that you won't mind a bit; you'll find your coat a first-rate organizer, one of the surest and pleasantest clothes controls. . . . Now for the rewarding middle ground with bargains in chic that cost more than a dollar but much less than fur: "A wild necklace," commented a thoroughly restrained fashion editor, "can be worn indefinitely. Right now, you may want it with at-home clothes—say a long culotte; later you'd wear it with a summer evening dress. And even if you retire it for a few months or a year, it will never wear out, and you can revive it when you find something new that's right for it." The price might be $30, as above, could be less, possibly much more. . . . One dazzling top—sari cloth, brocade, or whatever—has the kind of mileage that a marathon cycler might admire. Pants, long dinner skirts, and short black linen slivers peg just three of its acts. . . . For anyone who resents an investment that doesn't pay off every day of the year, the solution might well be earrings of great big

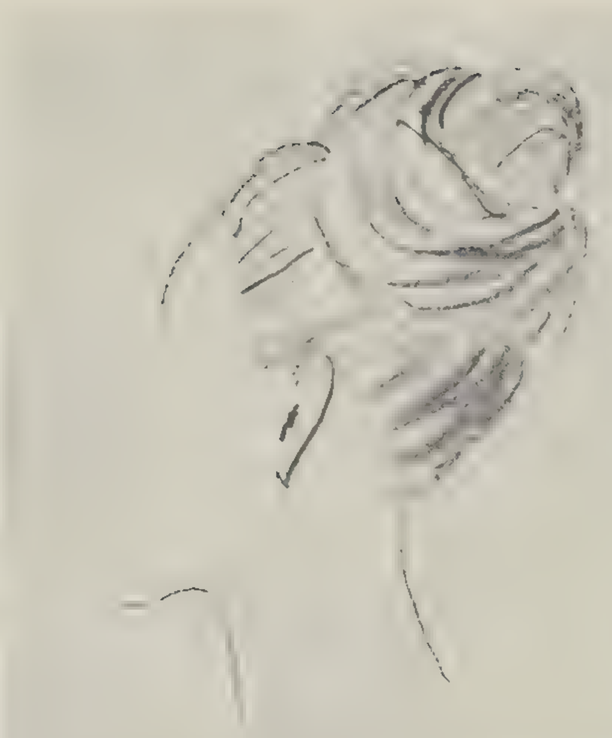


Rainy-day chic on tap: an officer's cape of cotton poplin, beige and white flowered silk lining. $90; Henri Bendel. Wellington boots.

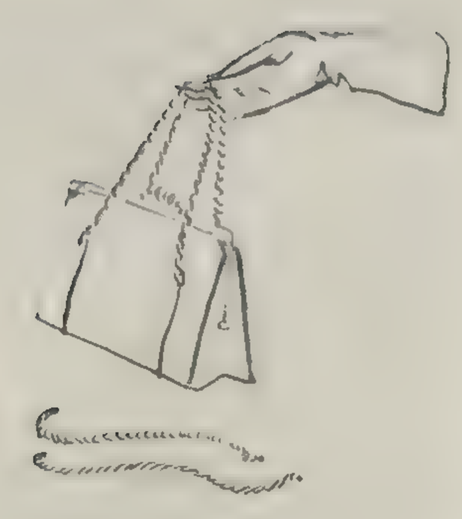
Sari put-over—pale blue and gold—to wear forever, to put over pants, skirts. By Carmen G. $35. At Henri Bendel.



The hanger that makes life wonderful for its dependents, and you. *One to every* pair of pants is the rule; the cost, about $1 each.



Chains of 18-carat gold that change handbags, switch from crocodile to calfskin to black satin. By Cartier.

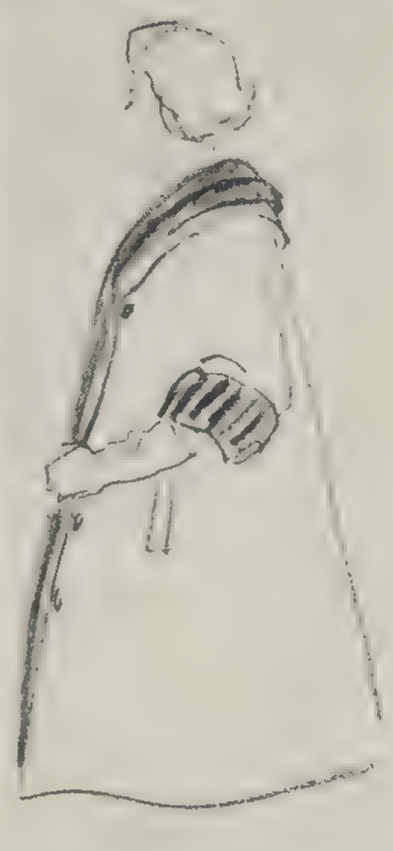


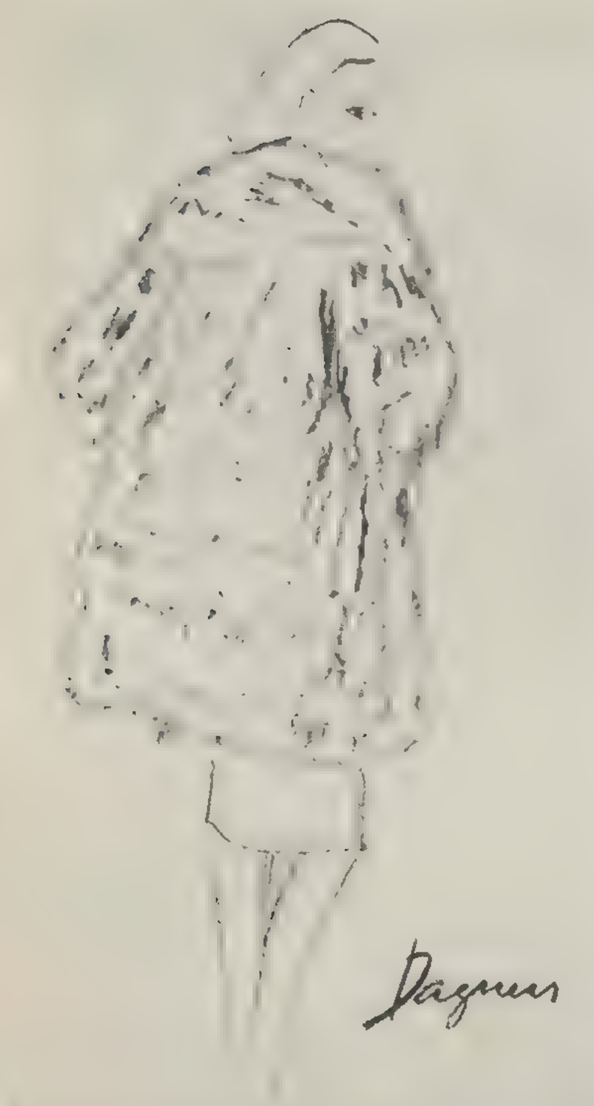
cultured pearls. Ropes of the same, especially if they're baroque, wrap gloriously around wrists or neck and are congenitally incapable of anything but flattery. . . . Anything, absolutely anything that changes foul-weather gear from the depressing, make-shift clothes that so often live up to its name is, to our way of thinking, a monumental bargain in chic. For some women a distinguished British raincoat is the starter. This year a spare poplin cape (by Ellen Brooke) makes an excellent beginning. And note, please, the word beginning; rainy day chic requires at least as much, if not more, putting together than fair-weather fashion. Wellington boots, sturdy cropped gloves, and a short, trim umbrella add up to one jaunty look, but there are others; the point to bear in mind is simply the inevitability of wet weather—prepare for it in detail, just as you would for a gala, and when the deluge comes, instead of scrabbling about in the far end of the closet, you will sally forth with an almost insufferable degree of self-satisfaction.

One woman's extra head of hair—a switch 16" long that swirls on like a silk scarf after water-skiing, swimming.

When all this occasional rain ends late in the afternoon (and, frankly, even when it doesn't), evening shoes become a great test of chic, and one of the soundest tacks to take is: biggish money for black silk opera pumps that are elegant and timeless. Next best place for careful investment: brown silk shoes with an evening bag dyed to match; these will carry a number of colours as well as, naturally black and brown. With one or both of these comforting assets, it makes good sense to buy relatively inexpensive coloured shoes or, perhaps, printed shoes; you will probably want other colours, other prints, sooner than you think. . . . For anyone who finds swimming or water-skiing the most amiable of all exercise, the usual obstacle to health and beauty is the collapsed coiffure, ruinous to looks and certainly very bad for dispositions. The solution hit upon by one dashing young woman: a switch of hair that duplicates her own lively blond colour. After brisking through as many carefree runs on water skis as she likes, she scoops all her own hair up to the crown of her head, pins on the switch, and winds it around her head just as she would wind a scarf. It takes about five minutes now, but we suggest practising before you dive. . . . When February doldrums make even the most routine clothes-shopping seem too dazzling for grey days, the one, the only, the sensational answer is a good haircut, and whatever goes with it. Put clothes out of your mind, and turn your head over to the best salon within striking distance. . . . Coats mean more to some women than dinner dresses, which makes sense, since the coat that appears throughout a long, temperate winter is a badge of identity. There are, however, women who never quite bring their fashion know-how to winter coats. But none of them, as far as we know, has been able to resist the direct appeal of the button-in fur-lined coat, especially in the dazzling version, sketched below, right. The lining might be mink or something as remote from precious beasts as chinchilla-dyed bunny; what matters is the idea—a poplin-raincoat shell for days; a shell of pink silk ottoman to wear at night. In New York, Martha Matzner has successfully translated this brainstorm from the French; other variations are possible.

New version of the fur lining with a double life—one identity, a poplin raincoat; the other, a shell of pink ottoman to wear at night.





Unpredicted fur—the coat that's a knockout surprise; this one, for instance, of pale, alluring lynx-tummies with occasional soft blurs of black. Georges Kaplan.

The place of

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The novels, poems, and essays of François Mauriac have been stirring people and heaping honours on him for over fifty years—the Académie Française, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Nobel Prize. Here, in an excerpt from his book* Second Thoughts, *a collection of his views on life and literature to be brought out soon by The World Publishing Company, he makes some of his scratchy, moving observations on the bemusing complexities of maturity. A slender, dark-eyed man of fierce religious faith, Mauriac, in his novels and memoirs, has often evoked his childhood in Bordeaux, its pine woods, vineyards, and haystacked fields—"a beauty almost more than I can bear"; here he wonders youth's afterglow.*

What do people do to fill up their days? A day is a long time, even for men with big, responsible jobs. It is longer still for the artists, since inspiration does not visit them every hour on the hour. But none of this prevents everyone from appearing to be very busy. A man never sees his friends and writes: "My dear fellow, how time flies! We never see each other. . . ." We don't see each other because we have no wish to see each other.

This is the difference between the friends of our youth and the friends of our maturity. To love someone at twenty means, first of all, trusting and giving oneself to him freely; at fifty it all too often means lunching occasionally in a restaurant with some young man who wants a favour and from whom we expect something in return. To say that trust no longer obtains is an understatement.

The friend looks at his watch and exclaims, "Two o'clock already! I have to run. . . ." Where is he running? Where is everyone hurrying? What is the stuff of which our destiny is made? What do we really know of the people we feel we know best? All of a sudden they emerge from the mystery that is their secret life, dressed for the evening, complete with flower and smile. A terrible language is obscurely traced on their worn faces in letters that we will never decipher. Unknown to them some mysterious disc must have recorded every word they have said, some film registered everything they have done since morning. . . . This is one of the most terrifying of God's aspects—this sensitive plate on which everything is indelibly impressed for all eternity.

It is not the important job, not even the important work of creative art, that takes up time; it is the passions. Remove from any life the passion of love or of holiness, and you will be appalled by how little remains.

It is generally agreed that a doctor or surgeon or lawyer never has time enough. But that part of them which is expended in great activity does not involve their innermost selves. The figure sitting behind the desk who listens to you, indeed, who listens carefully and takes notes, is the lawyer or the doctor but not the man himself; that figure is not the same person who presently will lean against a door to catch the sound of the approaching elevator, or who will slip into a dark church to sit in silence until the doors must be closed.

No doubt the inner mystery diminishes as life runs out. For many old people only the social function survives; the uniform, the honorary robe, the rows of medals are all that are left. These are the people whom old age has defeated. Many of them exhibit some dreadful little mania, the residue of outworn passion, that—depending on our temperament—amuses or revolts us. But true passion is not ridiculous at any age. I see nothing comical, for instance, in Goethe's last love affair or in the last desire of Chateaubriand.

It is not true that men hide only the worst of themselves. Not every secret is shameful. One must hope to grow old keeping one's life and background richly filled, hope to live so that people need us and we need them until the end. Nothing, of course, can prevent old age from being a desert, an expanse of sand that gradually covers and smothers everything. But it is for us to preserve enough strength to plant and people our desert, to create oases in the midst of our solitude. . . .

What an achievement to have a full old age! Above all, we must not run after what has always eluded us, not try to keep up with the young but be content when they come to us. And if no one comes? I look at old men sitting in cafés. They had more toys when they were children. Some go to classes, repeating the courses that they cut at twenty; they visit museums where once upon a time a girl waited for them; they leaf through old newspapers in the libraries; and, at a certain point in the afternoon, they collapse in front of little marble tables in the cafés only to have their pleasure in their *apéritif* spoiled because they keep thinking of their blood pressure.

And if they have married children and grandchildren, there is the given day and hour for visiting. Better to stay away except for that established day and hour. Not that one would not be glad to see them, but . . .

* * * *

By the time a man notices that he is no longer young, his youth has long since left him. He has been deluded by a flickering of passion, buoyed up by his animal drive. Occasionally, as he has faced his shaving mirror in the morning, he has felt a twinge of uneasy surprise. Temples turning a little white, eh? Bags under the eyes? But he has quickly repaired the damage, using as his model the young man whose image he preserves intact in his mind.

We do not really see ourselves. All mirrors are in fact quite useless except the living, human mirrors who reflect us: they do not lie.

By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC

passions

Other people's feelings for us do not diminish, do not become more straitened as we grow older; on the contrary, they become more complicated. A man such as the one I have in mind could have noted on his calendar the exact day when he first noticed in a younger companion's attitude and tone of voice a touch of deference, a shade of respect. And from that day on, he found the same signs wherever he looked, precisely as if all his juniors had passed the word around.

This man had certainly not reached the age when his contacts with others had to depend largely upon some occasion such as autographing books, or writing a preface, or adding a postscript to some letter of recommendation, or, even more simply, paying his monthly bills. But let us say that young women, who had always been gay and easy in his company, were beginning to talk to him about Proust with disquieting persistence. An author discovers this dubious gift of maturity gradually. There was a time when he had only to shy away from those who are bores either by birth or by profession; now, it seems, he conjures them up; somehow he creates them by the way he looks, and, further, the moment he appears, the most delightful women suddenly turn "serious."

They no longer see the man, they see the celebrity he has become. "You have become someone" is a compliment that touches the older man while leaving him slightly bemused; his problem is to live inside this "someone" and not to be suffocated by him. "You have arrived. . . ." Arrived where? In Parliament? In the Ministry? In the Institute? Everyone gets off the train somewhere; the problem is to set off continually on a fresh journey—not to sit down on one's luggage, not to doze off in some way station of success.

With age, there is a strong temptation, even for the man who is not venal, to stop trying, to sit down at table and consent to be the established personality others see in him. He tells himself that this semi-official presence to which the world pays homage is scarcely any less his real self than the sought-after young man he once was. A young man is rarely loved for his spirit but usually for the fugitive light that touches him briefly, no more and no less than millions of other men. The importance of the man who is forty, the air he displaces, the space he occupies, differentiate him, set him apart from the crowd: he sits in full view, squarely in the limelight. Youth, on the other hand, confuses and blinds us and prevents our seeing. Women do not become real to us until they reach middle age; when they are younger, they interpose between us and their true feelings a mist of charm such as few men can penetrate. That is why the women who were most deeply loved were the least known—and why so many love stories end unhappily.

As a result, the older man tries to find some comfort in disparaging the young; indeed, he discovers many other sophisms to sanction the fact that he is nothing but a celebrity dozing in the midst of success, pretending that he feels happy and cherished. He naps. . . . But often this is also the moment when he hears a little warning note and, in spite of himself, he is kept wide awake. Something is happening, he does not know quite what, somewhere in his body. . . . It can be nothing at all, something so slight that he can not describe the symptoms to a doctor. It is not even a pain; he simply "feels his heart beat." He can not keep from noticing the beat; it is irregular and too strong; he can not stop thinking that this pulsation has never been interrupted, day or night, for half a century.

Sometimes it is a question of a more specific disorder; the doctor hesitates, hints at something or other, and the words he does not say are promptly written in letters of fire on the walls of his office. Outside a streetcar clangs, a record is being played in the next room. This time "it" concerns me—the "it" that did not exist for me, I thought, only for the others. As the moralist says: the death that I can not look in the face is my own; the death of others I have always fixed courageously with my eye, without any need for dark glasses.

* * * *

Lo, the sleeper is awake. This time "it" is for him, for him alone.

The man who has arrived, no matter what heights he may have reached, discovers that what he finally comes to is the waiting room where we all end up—and he watches the door that opens on the void of eternity swing back and forth in the wind. A hand rests on his shoulder, gently at first, but then it clutches his heart or paralyzes his legs or grips his throat. . . . He is still alive, he is quite safe, but he will never sleep again. He scarcely wants to. He cares very little now that people know only the more or less ornate façade of his "success." His prison is no longer a prison but a cell—what Catherine of Siena called "the cell of self-knowledge." As he gains the courage to remain in it alone, the more worthy he becomes to discover a presence there. It is when he thinks that everything *is* finished, when the world is perhaps already saying that he *is* finished, that he has a sense of beginning, of being born.

Yet, on the outside his public personality will continue to go through the necessary motions; it will perform its duties with ease and promptness and, in a word, with the alacrity of the good servant who anticipates his master's wishes. I have no idea if overtaxed men ever pray, in their own fashion, but they could do so without even interrupting the prudent game they play. For that matter, the external freedom of action of these great politicians has been much reduced; their party, the public sphere in which they move, and a thousand contingencies allow them only a narrow margin of influence on events. And so it is for each of us: it is within ourselves that we remain free; there the one drama that we have the right to direct is played out. Who could dream that he was master of the universe? But the least among men is, until his death, the master of his own soul.

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



"I'm possibly the only woman in the world who doesn't own a little black dress," said Mrs. Thomas Guinzburg who is, on stage, the actress, Rita Gam. Actually, she does—just one—but it's used less in a dress-sense than as a way of banking some of the glitter of a quite extraordinary cardigan coat that's an all-over blaze of black-and-white sequins, or as a kind of leavening for a brilliant Thai silk jacket. Nevertheless, it's a statement that clues her fashion personality accurately: no matter how "in" a colour, or a jewel, or a line is, if she feels that it does nothing for her, it doesn't exist in her wardrobe. And what-does-nothing is anything that might upstage her own intensely vivid good looks: her cheekbones are high and exquisitely moulded; her light hazel-green eyes, enormous under strongly arched black eyebrows, have an astonishingly devastating sweep; and her neck—which she dismisses as "somewhat giraffish"—is classically long and slender. "I'm too hammy I suppose," she explained, "but as an actress I don't want what I'm wearing to detract from me." For this reason she never wears prints or elaborate necklines or necklaces of any kind; and, although years ago—in what she calls "my Bohemian bit"—she had her ears pierced for those big jangly gypsy hoops, she rarely wears earrings now. She can't, however, remember a time when she didn't wear her dark hair as she does *(More on next page)*
Left: Mrs. Thomas Guinzburg's favourite kind of coat-look—black-and-white, plainly exciting; and fur as she likes it best—in hat form. *Right and far right:* Suits rate among the collectibles in Mrs. Guinzburg's life. She had this thick white tweed copied from an Italian original, wears it with a leopard hat, her gold-and-ebony blackamoor pin.



Mrs. Thomas Guinzburg, 12th in Vogue's series of fashion personalities

The offstage clothes life of a young actress who loves clothes, hates to shop for them, wears them with a flair for dramatics.





Mrs. Thomas Guinzburg

continued

today—softly waved, uncomplicated, just long enough to do things with; or when her favourite at-home look wasn't shirt-and-pants. On afternoons when she takes her two small children skating in Central Park, she invariably reverts to a pair of black stretch tights, partly because on her slim, long-legged figure they look good, mainly because they're practical. Practical, in fact, is a key word in Mrs. Guinzburg's clothes life which, geared as it is to an alarmingly tight-wire schedule, it has to be. An average day in Mrs. Guinzburg's life starts around 8:30 ("I've never learned to sleep till noon"), often includes, along with housewifery, committee work (she works—earnestly—for United Cerebral Palsy), several hours' rehearsal at the Actors Studio, an hour's workout at a gym (once a week this exercise is augmented with massage). Plainly, it's a schedule that leaves little time for



shopping—a situation that works to Mrs. Guinzburg's advantage, since she loathes shopping, finds it "easier to decide on ten things at a time, when I'm relaxed, than one dress under pressure." She buys, therefore, in bulk, about twice a year—for the whole year—in Rome, in Paris, and in New York. The situation is further simplified by the fact that she has a precise eye for her own best silhouettes, concentrates strictly on a few good lines—loose-bodied suits, limber little sweater dresses, cardigan coats. These she has made over and over again in a favourite colour—reds, blues, greens, white (years ago she bought a black velvet dinner suit with a long trenchy jacket; she owns it now in red and a deep tea-green velvet as well). Or, she is prompted to have something *(Continued on page 138)*
Far left: Mrs. Guinzburg in a magnificent beaded ball dress—white satin embroidered thickly with blue beads. *Left:* With her children—Kate three-and-a-half, Mike nearly three—she wears a sweater-dress of greeny wool tweed. *Above:* Typical at-home look; Mrs. Guinzburg's shirt is from a New York men's store, the narrow pants are Italian.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

What it's like to be translated into

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When Lerner and Loewe used Terence Hanbury White's novel,* The Once and Future King *as framework for their musical* Camelot, *White gained the joy of something new to study. He describes that adventure here for Vogue. A compulsive learner, he had consumed all he could of the Age of Chivalry and the legends surrounding King Arthur and put, in 1938, his formidable knowledge together with his wit in an engaging, scholarly fantasy,* The Sword in the Stone, *a book about King Arthur as a boy—a boy called Wart because it rhymed somewhat with Art. Three sequels followed, and, in 1958, the four were joined under the title* The Once and Future King. *Although White once said, "Success in popular literature is a matter of good luck, assisted by bad writing," the 300,000 brisk, bright words in his novel soon made that book a classic—and its writer renowned.*

The only thing I can find in life which seems to survive most of the disasters of living is learning about things. Even when you are lonely and unhappy and getting old like me, you can keep yourself at least occupied, and perhaps even interested, if you try to find out how all the wheels in all the world go round. This is what I have been doing as far back as I can remember, because, like Merlyn, I am a born learner and teacher. Perhaps it is some insufficiency in ourselves—I include Merlyn—which forces us to master everything, to ransack one technique after another, to be good at all the arts we stumble over, from flying aeroplanes to skin diving or sailing yachts or translating mediaeval Latin shorthand. Once we have mastered a craft, we tend to drop it and get along to another one. The last one I dropped was making serious sound films in colour, on 16 mm., doing all the photography and cutting and sound recording by myself.

The latest craze has been the theatre.

I came to America to see Lerner and Loewe's version of my novel about King Arthur. I came to please Julie Andrews, who is a personal friend, and who is admitted, by every sentient being who has ever met her, without exception, to be the most enchanting specimen of the human race now extant upon the entire surface of this planet. No musical which just had Julie in it could fail to conquer the world. But, although nobody believes me when I say it, I was only mildly interested in the success or failure of *Camelot* and had come here to be dragged at Julie's chariot wheels, a willing captive. For one thing, I could not see how Alan Lerner could possibly have converted my book—as long as four ordinary novels—into a musical lasting three hours.

Some of the theatre critics say that he has not.

We arrived in Boston on my first visit to America, after one of those ghastly flights which seem to be spent mostly in a bus, somewhere about the middle of November. Since then, I have attended every performance or rehearsal, including some of Julie's dress fittings and the LP recording which ended in a New York blizzard at three A.M. I have watched it from every side of the stage including the front, and clambered about the flies and made friends with the stagehands and the electricians and the orchestra and the chorus. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about *Camelot* is the feeling backstage. It may be due to Merlyn, or to the noble hand of Arthur stretching down the centuries, but every soul in the theatre is on the best of terms with everybody else.

Well, I discovered that I had been misinformed about New York and about the possibilities of the American musical—for the "musical" is an American development, just as the skyscraper is. I suffer from the horror of heights and had expected the skyscrapers to be heavy and terrifying, instead of which they are airy and fanciful, almost comic sometimes, full of invention, like Horace Walpole Gothic. The Queensborough Bridge, which we see from the windows of Julie's wonderful apartment where I am staying with her and her husband, might be something gigantic out of Gustave Doré or, at any moment, you might see the Hunchback of Notre Dame swinging about on it—only he would be the size of King Kong. Look at those huge gargoyles on the Chrysler Building—and, oh, Manhattan, at night, alight in the snow! The whole island is one gay, rambling, titanic cathedral monastery, wild with spires.

I was as surprised and interested by the form of the American musical.

Before it was invented—and it is still in the process of invention—we had Gilbert and Sullivan (God bless them!) and what used to be called the "musical comedies"—things like *Rose Marie.* I suppose *Chu Chin Chow* introduced pageantry into it. The trick seems to be that you pour in everything you possibly can—stretch it in all directions—and see what it can hold. You put ballet into it, acrobats if you like. You even try to see if it will hold tragedy—and in *West Side Story*, of course, it did.

Alan Lerner, so far as I can see, has introduced two surprising novelties into this growing art form, and in my opinion, with wonderful success. He has introduced a moral problem, almost as if he were Ibsen—for the play is largely about Might and Right—"This is the time of King Arthur," cries his touching king, "and we reach for the stars! This is the time of King Arthur, and violence is not strength and compassion is not weakness. We are civilized!" And he has introduced in the second place, to carry the message with heart-rending mastery, perhaps

By T. H. WHITE

"Camelot"

the greatest Shakespearian actor of the English stage, Richard Burton. What a performance! I want to tell a true story about Richard. In his speech about how he became a king while still a boy, he says that he saw the sword in the stone and thought it was a war memorial. It is a hushing speech, in which he holds the audience as still as mice, but he was playing this line for a laugh. I objected in a mild way, saying, "Why break the pathos?" He said, "Very well, Tim, tonight, just for you, I will play it without a laugh." And he did! Until then I did not know that actors could compel audiences to laugh or not, as the fancy took them.

I have been writing books for thirty-five years and on the whole I get on well with critics. They are more or less innocuous to authors, since a good book will sell itself in the end, whatever they say, while a play can be slain by them in a couple of days—particularly in New York. But the one thing about critics which does annoy me a little is that they always want an author to write the same book over and over again. If you make a reputation with one book, you must never write a different one. The same thing has happened to Alan Lerner with the critics of *Camelot*. Why isn't it like *My Fair Lady*, they wail. Well, thank God, it isn't. It is a further development of a growing form. It is an advance. The music happens to be better. And I for one, with reservations about the treatment of Lancelot's character, am surprised and flattered by the sincere fidelity which it has offered to my book.

Camelot is a musical tragedy, not a musical comedy, and they ought to have said so in the programme. It is as different from *My Fair Lady* as *The Yeomen of the Guard* is different from *Pinafore*.

I don't think the actors themselves fully understand this yet. They are always moaning—I find that you can't stop actors from moaning (or acting)—because they have missed getting a laugh. What they will finally realize is that this is an essentially tender play, not a funny one, and that the sometimes silent audience is silent because it is rapt, sent, enchanted.

Ever since Toronto, where it was first tried out, everybody from Lerner and Loewe to the splendid stage manager has been passionately reorganizing, rewriting, and forming theories about the final way in which this new departure ought to be brought to birth.

I have not made a single suggestion of my own, or rather, any small suggestion I have offered has been along the lines of their treatment, not mine. But I want to go proudly on record as having been a sort of *éminence grise* on four small points. It was I who circuitously induced Robert Goulet to say, "*When* could I ever leave you," instead of "When *could* I ever leave you." It was by my machinations that Richard Burton restored his half bow to his own subject after the Lancelot miracle, and used the Royal We in his greatest speech. And by subtle suggestions through Julie, it was I who was responsible for the reprise of "Before I gaze on you again" in the last glorious scene of all.

Finding out about the theatre was what I was supposed to be writing about—I am already a full-blown ham myself and, for the blizzard, bought Texas boots and a comical hat, which make me look like a mad lumberjack—they were a smash hit with the cast—and what I have found out about it is that a play is a corporate affair. The wheels within wheels within wheels which I was investigating were all interdependent, and some of those which the audience never saw were as important as those of the visible stars. It was stunning to realize that the thousands of electric cables behind the scenes in Boston were all going to be dismantled and reassembled in New York, seemingly a task to drive even the latest computer crazy. It was sobering to watch the endless toil and good nature of the musical director, Franz Allers, as he struggled between orchestra and singers from ten A.M. till three the following morning, without one cross word, to make that disc. It was a sort of honour to travel up from Boston in the theatrical train, a strolling player in fact, with everybody lugging their pets and private lives and problems about the laundry. It was fascinating to be a part of the rather endearing intrigue of the theatre, by which, for instance, I got my perfectly good friend Robert Goulet to say "*when*," not by suggesting it to him myself, as any reasonable being would do, but by suggesting to Philip Burton, assistant to Moss Hart, that he might do the suggesting. And the outcome of this togetherness, everybody working with everybody else for a communal effort, was that I was reconciled to various distortions of my own book, when I could see that they were being made for a practical reason.

The great problem about *Camelot*, ever since Toronto, was, and still is, ought Guenevere to be Lancelot's actual mistress? Julie tells me that when it was played like this, as it was till half way through Boston, she could sense the antagonism of the audience towards her unfaithfulness. The real hero of the play is Arthur, and, partly from love of him, partly perhaps from love of Julie, it seems that the public preferred her to be Platonic. Well, Alan Lerner was writing a *musical*, not wholly an Ibsen tragedy, and he had a perfect right to decide that for his purposes, for the purposes of that particular kind of magic which he was trying to conjure out of the future, my own reading of Lancelot's character and relationships should be ignored. The theatre is a practical affair—think of all those electric cables—and I am as content that he should use his own reading of Lancelot—if it works—as I would be content if he returned to my interpretation, at some future rewriting, if that worked better.

Flare-coloured coats—

brighter than ever

Coats in unflickering flame-colours—red, yellow, strong pink tinged with blue—to wear now over pales, darks, other brights. Also notable in these coats: arch-shapes with sloped shoulders, short round sleeves. *This page:* Arched coat of bright red double-knitted wool jersey that hangs, young and smock-like, from a cardigan neckline. This, with braided buttons, big pockets. By Marquise, of Jersey-craft fabric; about $185 at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus.





Left: Fiery yellow coat of spongy wool, round-shaped with its collar ajar, wide sleeves, a cape-like look of fullness. This colour, a wonderful jolt for a dress of grey, eggplant, any manner of brown, or—to fight fire with fire—flaming orange. Coat by Zelinka Matlick, of Anglo fabric; about $95 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin.

Flare-coloured coats *continued*



More of the new and brighter flare-coloured coats—with the new smooth arched shapes.
Right: In a fiery rose deepening towards magenta, a slope-shouldered coat that has lots in common with the cardigan. We see it for day assignments, town or country—worn, perhaps, over spring tweeds or the new white wools. It's collarless, influenced by the spring sleeve-shortage—with shoulders on the curve and a column of golden buttons. By Originala of Anglo textured wool, about $200, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.

Right: Rose, flamed to new brightness, in a before-and-after-six coat that's all smooth curves—played away from the body; to wear (with a dash of brown—say, café-au-lait) for days in town, don't-dress evenings. The belt begins at waist-level and rises from there into bodice territory; deep cape sleeves meet their end at elbow. With peter pan collar, rounded shoulders, a puffed skirt. By Ben Zuckerman, of velour-finished wool; at Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Dayton's.



E. Marsh



VOGUE PATTERN 5232

PALUMBO

VOGUE PATTERNS

Blouse looks— half-way to a dress

Two blouses, here, that are head-starts on dresses—needing only skirts (straight or stitch-down pleated) that can work interchangeably for both. More head-starting: big slanty sailors made of blouse fabric—wonderful fresh-staying georgette in dots, checks. *Above:* Overblouse that shapes itself by tying at the waist with a self-same drawstring. Variants to this look: the high neck could be lower, the sleeves could be gone. Vogue Pattern 5232, made here in georgette of Dacron, white dotted largely in black; this fabric by Fabrex. Bead necklaces by Marvella, at Altman's. *Right:* Narrow contoured blouse with high oval neck, back buttons, bathrobe sash (this, especially good with skirt pleats). Sleeves come, here, if they're wanted. Vogue Pattern 5211, of black and white checked georgette of Dacron, by Stehli. Dawnelle kidskin gloves, at Altman's. Both hats, these pages, by Emme. *Other views, yardages: page 18.*

VOGUE PATTERN 5211





In
top form:
knitted
clothes
to wear
around
the clock,
the year,
the world



Fashion coups here—clothes with all the chic they can carry, and the added attraction of being knitted. The line-up of coup-clothes: two dresses, two suits, all made of knitted wool, to wear for the next round of seasons, and more. *Opposite:* Sleeveless black knitted wool dress with a wonderful shape, a capeskin sash, to go undercoat to lunch, dinner, anywhere in between. About $60. Background: the Fifth Avenue apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Oenslager. *Above:* Camel-coloured knitted wool suit for all the daylight hours of town-country-travel. The skirt and jacket, textured; sleeveless overblouse, non-textured. About $70. *Right:* Late-day dress in two pieces of cream wool, knitted with a mere twinkle of metallic thread. What its simplicity begs for: a lash of fur, remarkable earrings. About $55. *Below:* Suit of azalea-pink knitted wool with buttonable jacket and a white wool sleeveless overblouse. About $60. *All of these knitted clothes by Kimberly, at Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.* The shoes on both pages, by Delman, also at Bergdorf Goodman.

EBERSTADT

FRESHER THAN PAINT:

three places to stay in Eire, Spain, Italy.

An Irish motel with comfort and service— the new Hotel Castlerosse

In the lovely lake-and-mountain country of Killarney in Ireland stands the freshly attractive Hotel Castlerosse, really a motel, on the handsome Kenmare place once owned by the late Valentine Castlerosse, Earl of Kenmare. Here the only real noise—beyond the charms of brogue—is the lapping of the waters of the Lower Lake at the end of the lawn. (There are two more lakes.) Among the pretty details of the low, white hotel are the chintzy bedrooms, pine-panelled, with radio, phone, and good new bathrooms. The management makes a point of central heating, of the swimming pool, of the covered sheds for cars behind each bedroom. The food is really good—salmon from its lakes, venison shot on the place, farm vegetables, Irish coffee in the bar. Housemaids, in frilled white aprons over blue uniforms, serve morning tea, grey-uniformed porters carry the luggage, and at the porter's Lodge, car service and petrol pumps.

To play on the great 18-hole Killarney Championship Golf Course, the guests walk from their rooms through a wicket gate directly onto the 9th hole. There caddies wait, the shop man rents clubs, and there are no greens fees. Fishing for salmon and trout; shooting for woodcock, pheasant, and grouse are free—not just for the guests, but for everybody. The minimum stay at Castlerosse is three days; a single room with bath and breakfast comes to about $7 a day. A fixed luncheon is $1.25, dinner $2. For reservations: Hotel Castlerosse, Killarney, County Kerry, Ireland; the telephone number is 144. Note: from Shannon Airport, the Castlerosse is 84 miles; from Dublin, about 190.

The new Spanish Hotel del Golf

At Castellon, between the Costa del Sol and the Costa Brava, where silky-green orange groves spread from the coast to the foot of purple-blue mountains, stands the new Hotel del Golf. Here, visitors quickly fall into the slowed-down Mediterranean beat—an eleven o'clock morning swim, late lunch, siesta, five o'clock golf, nine-thirty dinner, and, much later, dancing in the patio to an orchestra that plays mainly "slows." Everything is close by and effortless; the sandy beach, which continues for endless miles, is only one hundred yards from the hotel. (Guests may leave their rooms in bathing suits.) The side-terrace of the hotel looks out on the nine-hole, 37-par golf course built along the seashore, with lovely, green fairways cut through pine woods; in late afternoon a sea breeze generally rustles the high-up branches. Greens fees are $5 for one week.

At lunchtime, generally one-thirty, most guests choose the Copacabana, the Hotel's beach restaurant, where the sunrays fall like splinters through the straw roof to pencil-stripe the solid-coloured tablecloths. At night, the main dining room, pale, uncluttered, with a length of sea view, makes the guests feel they are aboard ship. Local specialties: *cigala*, native crawfish; *paella Valenciana*, rice with meat; and *sangria*, a cool drink made with local red or white wine, lemon and soda water. In the thoroughly air-conditioned hotel, all the sixty bedrooms have baths, radios, telephones, polished tile floors, and balconies as private as honeycomb cells. The rates are reasonable: one person with three meals, about $6 a day. For reservations: the address is Hotel del Golf, Castellon, Spain.

North of Rome, a new hotel

On Italy's Tuscany coast the wildly beautiful Monte Argentario blooms with new houses, a new hotel that is primarily a group of elegant cottages, and small but good restaurants, those simple *trattorie*. Argentario is actually a mountainous peninsula about two hours from Rome. Scalloped with rocky coves, private as walled-in gardens, this spot seems to have everything except noise. There are sixteenth-century Spanish fortresses and towers, quiet fishing villages, sickle-shaped harbours, abrupt cliffs that drop into the peacock-blue sea, pine cones that produce *pinoli*—those greenish seeds that go so well with drinks—olive groves, vineyards, good swimming, sailing, fishing; a smell of pines, sun, and dried earth. *(Continued on page 137)*

MIRROR IN THE GARDEN MAGNIFIES THE EFFECT OF INSIDE SPACE . . . →

From the entrance of the Stefan Cavallo house, a remodelled Victorian brownstone in New York's East Nineties, a sweep of view denies the modest dimensions of the living room. From the foyer (*foreground*) one looks beyond that white-bricked room through a wall of glass to the end of a witty garden, where an arched mirror reflects a tiered limestone Italian fountain. Particularly at night when the garden dances with light—old French railroad lanterns and spotlights hidden under the weeping willow and crab apple trees—the mirrored reflection makes the garden seem mysteriously infinite. (Elsie de Wolfe used, perhaps originated, the illusory mirror-behind-fountain idea in many houses she decorated, including her own After All in California.) In the 17′ x 23′ living room, exquisite copies of Louis XVI and French Régence pieces—some like the sofa, *centre*, cushioned in green velvet, some in white silk—offer inviting, well-proportioned comfort. Two leopard skins (one with head) break the flow of the dark polished floor. Mrs. Cavallo has spotted around the room a dozen attractive still lifes and genre paintings, some by the incredibly industrious artist, Anonymous. One non-anonymous forestscape, a moody Barbizon by Lavieille, hangs over the sofa. Several years ago Mr. Cavallo brought home from Italy the polychrome wood cherub holding stocky candles in the foyer. A bowl of glass framed and chained in brass, the chandelier was made in Italy one century ago for the English trade. More on the Cavallo house, decorated by Mrs. Cavallo around furniture manufactured by Mr. Cavallo, on page 130.

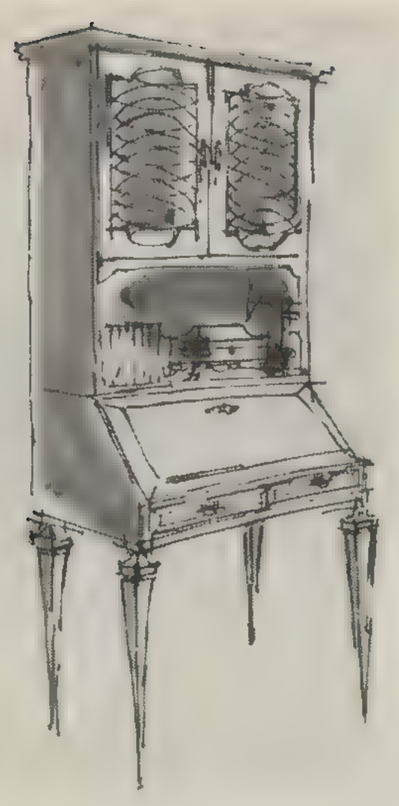
KERTESZ

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



Luxuriously soft, serenely smooth... this is percale at its restful best. At its lasting best, too, because every colorful fashion border is woven in to stay. Extravagant? Only the dreams.

All fabrics designed and woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Incorporated, Danville, Virginia.



To work, beautifully, for a woman: this tall, slender, fine-boned secretary, fruit wood with brass grille and pulls, or white with gilt. By Kent-Coffey, $139, to order, Lord & Taylor.

MORE DASH THAN CASH

A pennyworth of luxury for the house

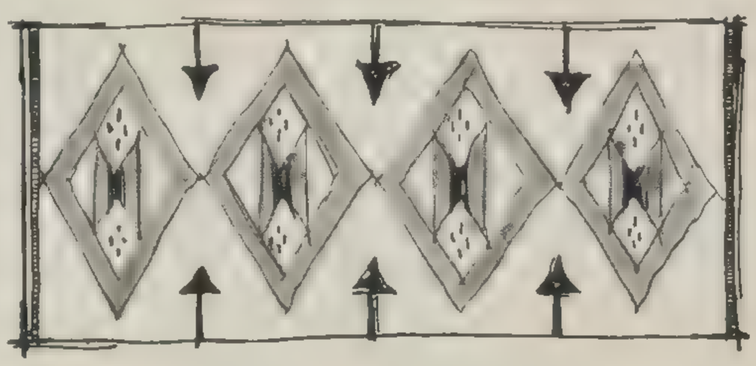


Classic seating to muster in quantity, hand-patted walnut with a seat of woven wheat stalks. A Cavallo reproduction from Italy, $30 at Lord & Taylor.

"A beautiful house . . . need not necessarily mean a large outlay of money," Vogue announced in 1900. Like all thinking advisors, Vogue has gone along with that idea ever since, intends to indefinitely. The point of the plots for a house unravelled in this issue's pages is not their price tags, discreet as they are, but this: each could hold its head up in a room where everything else implies that dollars are for burning.

What's new and joyous about colour, the most gentle-on-the-wallet method of waking up a sleepy room, is the bonanza of ravishing shades, hot pinks, lacquer reds, bright orange, pink hyacinth, now even in under-$2 fabrics, such fabrics as Van Arden's rugged Indian jute "Burlon" (about 80¢); Everfast's satin-finished cotton "Petaldown" (about $1.95); and Dazian's sheer silk theatrical gauze ($1.25), ready to float over windows.

What's bravura about textures is the challenge to mix them fearlessly. The "let's understate it, make it all solid monk's cloth" routine is out. Indeed, with a lovely bargain like mattress ticking, a dash of equally lovely extravagance, like good silk velvet ($40 a yard), could be the little touch that packs the wallop. Nor does a white-and-gold dining table really require white-and-gold chairs and white-and-gold chest when it can be considered with less predictable, less expensive companions—perhaps a marble-topped console, and, cushioned with a jolt of colour, walnut side chairs such as the one on this page. For a collection of more-dash-than-cash ideas, compatibly corralled in a one-room apartment, see page 132, and that apartment's dollar-by-dollar analysis with further specifics on page 139.



The less-rug, more-floor news: the floor dark and glowing or brilliantly enamelled, either way spotted with a rug like this Mexican serape, 29" x 60", black and brown geometrics on white. $20 at Phoenix-Pan American Shop.



Screens with two objectives: one to supply missing architectural details, the other as a storage-masker. These, in grisaille, hand-painted to order, from $20 a panel (the screen is extra) at Roman Art Screen Company.

SKETCHES BY HEILEMANN

FIVE-ROOM SPACEMAKER

A couple of years ago, Stefan Cavallo saw, on a New York street that he liked, the irresistible combination of an interesting house, a "For Sale" sign, and a man beside it. Mr. Cavallo stopped to chat and became, shortly, the owner of a four-and-a-half-storey brick house, one of five that went up in a row in the late 1880's.

To the renovation of the house, both Mr. and Mrs. Cavallo brought some built-in skills. Mrs. Cavallo had been, pre-marriage, a decorator. Mr. Cavallo, an aeronautical engineer given to figuring mathematical problems on an abacus ("much better than a comptometer") and wondering why more Americans don't use slide rules, worked with the architects, Neumann & Taylor, on the complicated renovation. An enthusiastic man who spent time as a test pilot during World War II, he decided later to expand his father's antique furniture business by both importing and manufacturing Italian and French reproductions.

Changing the house took six months. "I was miserable every one of them," said Mrs. Cavallo, a small, vivid brunette who clearly likes to get things done—fast. What got done, and beautifully, was a complete shake-up of the building's insides and a spacemaking tour de force. Leasing out the top two-and-a-half floors (the half is a room on the roof with its own landscaped rooftop garden), the Cavallos converted the lower duplex for themselves and the two Cavallo boys, into efficient, charming, diversified, and generous quarters. The eleven ground-floor treatment rooms of a doctor, who had been there twenty-five years, became three rooms: the Cavallo kitchen, facing the street, a small dining room, and a living room, facing the garden. Separating the house and garden by a clear glass wall made the garden seem part of the house, wide-screen, ever-changing. The Cavallos put in a living-room staircase to the new second floor's two bedrooms, two baths, and deep, walk-in closets for every member of the family.

In the house Mrs. Cavallo used a great deal of eighteenth-century furniture, some originals and some copies, and her considerable talents for making a little space go maximum distance. Among evidence in the living room, *opposite top:* the plate-glass coffee table and the raised, white brick fireplace, with a shelf to keep fire-tending equipment off the floor. Fold-back white shutters at the garden window increase the verticality, the illusion of a high ceiling. The ebony-finished piano, less than spinet-size, has only sixty-three keys—enough to accommodate the family pianist, Mr. Cavallo, and most visiting musicians. Low chairs, two with open caning, seem to decrease space displacement.

Different wall textures in each room further the "big house" feeling: white brick in the living room; wallpaper strips of moulding and swags in the dining room, *right;* cotton ticking wall covering in the boys' bedroom, *opposite, lower left;* to give a small room great depth, a mirrored four-poster in the master bedroom, *opposite lower right.* Although only five rooms, the Cavallo house has an attractive Teleidoscopic effect of many rooms, each different, each fresh, all patterned by two inventive minds.

The Stefan Cavallo house *continued*



Above, the garden from the living room: crab apple, ailanthus, and weeping willow trees, two stone cherubs from Italy, a table for a summer luncheon, and a mirrored fountain to magnify the inside space. *Below,* the dining room, 10′ x 10′: wallpaper swags and moulding, an eighteenth-century tôle and rock crystal lantern, and, around the table, balloon chairs copied from those given by the city of Paris to the Montgolfier brothers to celebrate the first balloon flight in 1783.

KERTESZ



Above, the living room, a contrasting meld of green velvet, white silk, and white brick—with the personal joys of small eighteenth-century French and Italian paintings on the wall, a French terra cotta and an old French brass oil lamp on the piano, a flamboyantly-framed mirror over the fireplace. *Below,* the master bedroom, a sunny mix of yellow, white, and mirrors. On the wall around the bamboo-turned four-poster bed, mirrors reflect a Venetian *secrétaire* and a tasselled Persian chair. The three-tiered night table, the cushioned chair, and the bed are Cavallo reproductions, which can, like most of the furniture and objects around the house, be bought at Lord & Taylor.



Above, in the boys' room, beige-and-white striped ticking (90¢ a yard) used for walls, curtains, screen, and on the two Louis XVI side chairs on a Spanish rug in front of the green Woolsuede-spread beds. When the boys are away at school, the room becomes a guest room; it has, in addition to book shelves and a desk, a fascinating desk chair —an eighteenth-century rocker with a twentieth-century swivel.





In the international dining-working section: Louis XV dining-work table, Japanese globe lights, Mexican tin mirror, Queen Anne walnut chairs, stools, and provincial settee with Italian seats of wheat.

ONE-ROOM APARTMENT

Best use of small space (18′ x 25′)
Best use of limited money (under $1,700)

A one-room apartment with a couldn't-care-less-about-money, couldn't-care-more-about-organized-charm-and-comfort look is sketched here. A complex of fascinations—fabric extravagance, softly-finished woods, lamps with strong characters, uncommon reproductions—this room was carefully plotted to involve well under $1,700, how well under depending on brio, and the possession of one armchair.

On the arbitrary assumption that living, dining, working and sleeping matters must, in this case, all be comfortably attended to within an 18′ x 25′ space, Vogue designed the room with a dining-working section, *above*, and living-sleeping section, *below*, swathed a good part of both—walls, windows, sofa, even a picture frame—in beige-striped cotton ticking (costs 90c a yard, looks like a million). Under a play of green Japanese globe lights, a handsome Louis XV cherry desk, *above*, doubles as a dining table, is surrounded by three kinds of seating, all made by Italian hands—curvy Queen Anne side chairs, a provincial settee, three cabriole-legged stack stools. In the living section, *below*, the painted screen provides both architectural details and scenic camouflage for hi-fi and other hide-worthy things. For flooring: mostly plain floor, dark and kept-polished, frosted in front of the day bed with white astrakhan. For the full story, prices included, plus other more-taste-than-money data: page 139.



In the international sleeping-living section: Italian provincial chairs, Italian and French round tables, painted screen, day bed, a Greek rug, Mexican brass and glass lamp on an Italian chest.

DRAWINGS BY HEILEMANN

JAMES THRALL SOBY:

A VENTUROUS

COLLECTOR

(Continued from page 85)

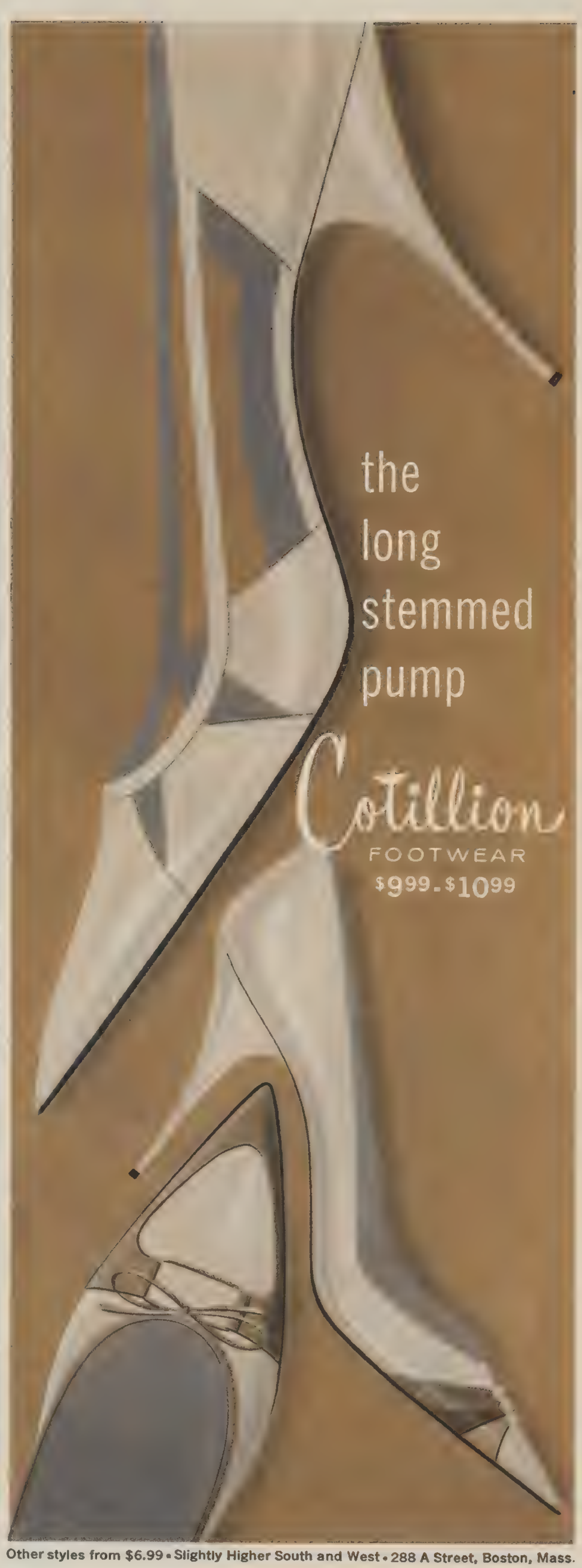
his wife, Bibi, who refused to sell it either to Soby or to any of the gallery's persuasive clients. But in 1943, Bibi Dudensing telephoned Soby, offering the Miró if she could have the price in government bonds. He came around in twenty minutes. Later, in researching for his Miró book, Soby found that Mrs. Mills had been an English singer whose portrait had been painted by George Engleheart, a disciple of Joshua Reynolds. That portrait landed eventually on a post card which Miró saw in Barcelona. He then made his own brilliant version.

Historically, the most important group of paintings in the Soby Collection is composed of the eight paintings and one drawing by the extraordinary and eccentric Italian painter, Giorgio de Chirico. Painted between 1914 and 1917, it is the most important group owned either publicly or privately. One painting in particular, "Enigma of a Day," now in the Soby living room, became the touchstone painting for the whole Surrealist movement; the Surrealist painters, poets, and other writers had a thing about "Enigma." They used to pose *en masse* for photographers in front of it. In 1933 they even had an absurd symposium on the "Irrational Possibilities of Penetration and Orientation" in that painting. To the question, "Where is the sea?" André Breton answered, "Behind the statue"; but Tristan Tzara said, "Twelve kilometres behind the smokestacks."

The Soby house, in which the Collection hangs, is as personal as a wedding ring and like a ring it fits exactly the kind of life the Sobys and their sons prefer to live. Soby, in fact, has almost always lived in Connecticut; he was born in 1906 in Hartford. One of his grandfathers, William Hazelwood, an importer of tobacco, once brought back from Cuba a pocketful of seed tobacco, and ever since, the descendants of most of Connecticut's wrapper tobacco have come from that pocketful. Eventually, Soby's father had a wildly successful cigar business, its brand name deriving from a painting, "The German Lovers," reproduced on the labels of all the Soby cigar boxes.

In time the elder Soby fortunately invested in a friend's invention, a pay telephone with a unique device—it returned the nickel if no one answered. By the 1910's all pay telephones in this country came from the Soby factory. In fact, pay telephones helped originally to pay for the early works in the James Thrall Soby Collection. The telephones even paid for his first art purchase, a reproduction of a Maxfield Parrish, in 1925 when Soby was at Williams College. He went on from that work to collecting Connecticut painters until he switched to Maillol in 1930 and Picasso's marvellous "Seated Woman" in 1932.

Almost everything in the Collection will go to The Museum of Modern Art; his ties there are as thick as a hawser. From 1942 to 1945 he was both Assistant Director of the whole Museum, and Director of Paintings and Sculpture. A trustee ever since 1942, he has just been elected one of two Vice-Presidents, but will continue as chairman of the Museum Collections and of the Department of Painting and Sculpture. Among the exhibitions he has organized are those on Balthus, Tanguy, De Chirico, Juan Gris. Moreover, almost all his books are Museum publications. A free-wheeling writer with taste and knowledge, with a completely graceful way of explaining the deepest meanings without any cosmic glue, without elaborate confusing metaphors, he has also become a writer of both scholarly works of his own and of encouraging introductions to catalogues of paintings and to the books of other writers. But he still can not set the margins on his typewriter.





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"FAIS-MOI LE COUSCOUS, CHÉRIE"

From Morocco: Six recipes and five salads

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

"Fais-moi le couscous, chérie" is a popular Paris song with much the same beat as that other Arab teaser, "Mustapha." The couscous that *chérie* should make is a semolina dish; *its* beat: the north coast of Africa. An Arab word that originally meant the husked grain of corn, couscous is made of very hard wheat, steamed in a colander over a broth or a stew that often involves lamb and chicken. For the special couscous paraphernalia, a glazed earthenware marmite and strainer, used by Moroccan cooks, there can be substituted any fine-holed colander that will fit over a pot.

Moroccan party procedure starts with low, pillowy divans on which guests sit around the *mida*, a low table, often a huge wheel of brass on a carved stand. Before the meal, a long-robed servant passes a silver ewer and basin with warm water and a towel for hand-rinsing; in Morocco, fingers do the work of spoons and forks, and the food is attuned in both shape and consistency to this idea.

One by one, three to ten courses with a medley of tastes —honey-sweet, pepper-hot, citron-tart, nut-dry, perfumed-fruit, pungent oil, all delicious—are presented in a central dish from which guests pick out morsels with the first three fingers of the right hand. Throughout, the finger-dipping is languid, the conversation solemn, the music drifting in from the mosaic courtyard outside—a twangy wail. Now and then the host is apt to extract a sliver of chicken, or roll the beady couscous into a neat, small ball and offer it to a guest. Well-behaved guests never refuse.

Before the steamy, sugared mint tea that marks the end of the dinner (sometimes hours after it began) the silver ewer is passed again.

Here are six Moroccan recipes and some salads to go with them, all quite amenable to the use of knives and forks. (Note: The semolina for couscous can be bought at Trinacria, 415 Third Avenue, New York 16, New York; the shop accepts mail orders.)

COUSCOUS
of lamb, beef and chicken
(For ten)

1½ pounds stew lamb, cut in cubes
1 pound round beef, cut in cubes
1 large chicken, cut in pieces
2 pounds semolina
½ pound squash, cut up
3 ounces chick-peas (cooked ahead)
10 medium-sized onions, chopped
6 carrots, cut up
2 tomatoes, skinned, seeded, and cut up
1 cup olive oil
¼ pound raisins
¼ pound butter
1 teaspoon dried chervil
4 sprigs parsley, chopped
1 teaspoon each saffron, salt, black pepper, cayenne pepper
6 cups water

Cook the lamb, beef, and chicken in a broth of the water, pepper, salt, saffron, chopped onions, chick-peas, carrots, olive oil, ⅛ pound butter, for one hour. Then add tomatoes, squash, parsley, chervil. Cook another ¾ of an hour and add raisins. Remove meat and reduce sauce. Arrange meat and vegetables on a platter, moisten with some sauce, serving the rest apart. Steam and serve semolina, well brushed with butter with this dish. Hot red pepper can be passed as well.

TAJINE OF LAMB
with honey and onions
(For eight)

4 pounds lamb
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon saffron
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 pounds onions, sliced fine
1 pint honey
Salt, pepper, cloves

Cut the lamb in good-sized chunks, simmer in saffron, cinnamon, ginger, salt, four tablespoons of honey, cloves, and water to half-cover. When the liquid is reduced and the lamb half-cooked, remove to a lidded casserole. (Lid must have steam hole pierced in top.) Arrange meat in bottom, smother with onions, pour over spiced broth, and leave in a hot oven for one half hour.

When the onions are well-glazed, pour over the remaining heated honey, bake twenty minutes more until honey has penetrated and perfumed the entire dish.

CHICKEN
with lemon and olives
(For eight)

2 roasting chickens, trussed
2 cloves garlic
2 onions, minced
2 cups olive oil
24 olives, mixed black and green
6 lemons
1 bunch parsley, chopped

(Continued on page 136)



Where to find the new shoes

From pages 100-101

1. Lord & Taylor.
2. To order at Bergdorf Goodman.
3. Bonwit Teller; Bullock's-Wilshire.
4. Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.
5. Saks Fifth Avenue.
6. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; J. W. Robinson.
7. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.
8. Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel.
9. Oppenheim Collins.
10. Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel.
11. Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; J. W. Robinson.
12. I. Miller, New York.
13. Macy's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.
14. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Gus Blass, Little Rock; Joseph Magnin.
15. Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Halle Bros.
16. Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; J. W. Robinson.
17. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; Bullock's, L. A.
18. Bonwit Teller; Burdine's; Sommer & Kaufman.
19. Macy's; Stewart Dry Goods.
20. Lord & Taylor.



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Contributions are income tax deductible. V2-1

"FAIS-MOI LE COUSCOUS, CHÉRIE"

(Continued from page 134)

1 teaspoon each of dried chervil and tarragon
Pepper
Salt, with powdered saffron

Place the chickens on a bed of chopped garlic, onions, saffron, tarragon, parsley, chervil, and pepper; half-cover with water, salt, and when boiling, add olive oil.

Baste chickens occasionally during cooking, and when meat detaches readily from the bone, remove, and reduce sauce until the water has evaporated. Return chickens and simmer in this sauce. Serve very hot, with olives and lemon-wheels, the spiced, oily sauce poured over all.

TURKEY
stuffed with almonds and raisins
(For eight)

1 10-pound turkey
Stuffing:
1 pound raisins
½ pound almonds, chopped and butter-browned
9 ounces steamed semolina
⅛ pound butter
1 large onion, chopped
Pinch each of cinnamon, cayenne pepper, black pepper, salt

Mix ingredients, stuff and sew bird, and put in roasting pan with a chopped onion, and pinches of ginger, salt, saffron, eight ounces of butter and water. Roast, serve in the sauce.

CARP
with stuffed dates
(For eight)

1 large carp
1 pound dates
½ pound blanched almonds, chopped
¼ pound butter
3 ounces rice
1 onion, minced
1 tablespoon brown sugar
½ teaspoon each, powdered ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, pepper

Stone dates and stuff with boiled rice, mixed with almonds, sugar, butter, a pinch of ginger, nutmeg, and pepper.

Slit the fish, fill with stuffed dates, sew incision. Cook slowly in oven in serving dish casserole with a ladle of water, a little salt, much pepper, a pinch of ginger and the minced onion.

When done, cut the stitches, remove dates, arrange around the fish, sprinkle with cinnamon, brown in oven until water has evaporated, the fish is golden, the dates juicy. Note: The stuffed dates may be used alone with any of these dishes.

BEEF
with tomatoes and almonds
(For eight)

4 pounds beef, cut up
4 pounds tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and quartered
1 pound almonds, whole
1 cup olive oil
3 cloves chopped garlic
6 onions, sliced
1 bunch chopped parsley
1 teaspoon dry chervil
Pinches of ginger, cumin, pepper, salt, sweet red pepper

Cut the meat in good-sized pieces, simmer in olive oil, herbs, and spices, with two of the sliced onions. When half-cooked, add the almonds, remaining onions, and tomatoes. Place meat in a flat dish, pour sauce over, serve very hot.

SALADS

CUCUMBER AND TOMATO

Dice peeled cucumbers and tomatoes, season with thyme, caraway seeds, salt, sugar, and vinegar.

ENDIVE
or
BIBB LETTUCE

Whish with the juice of oranges, add fresh tarragon, salt, and pepper.

WATER CRESS

Mix with minced onion, cut segments of grapefruit, sprinkle with lemon juice and salt.

RADISHES

Slice lengthwise, add a peeled orange cut in small pieces, sprinkle with sugar, salt, chopped celery, and lemon juice.

ROMAINE

Chop finely, add oil, vinegar, salt, cinnamon, and a heavy shower of almonds, pepper, and sugar.

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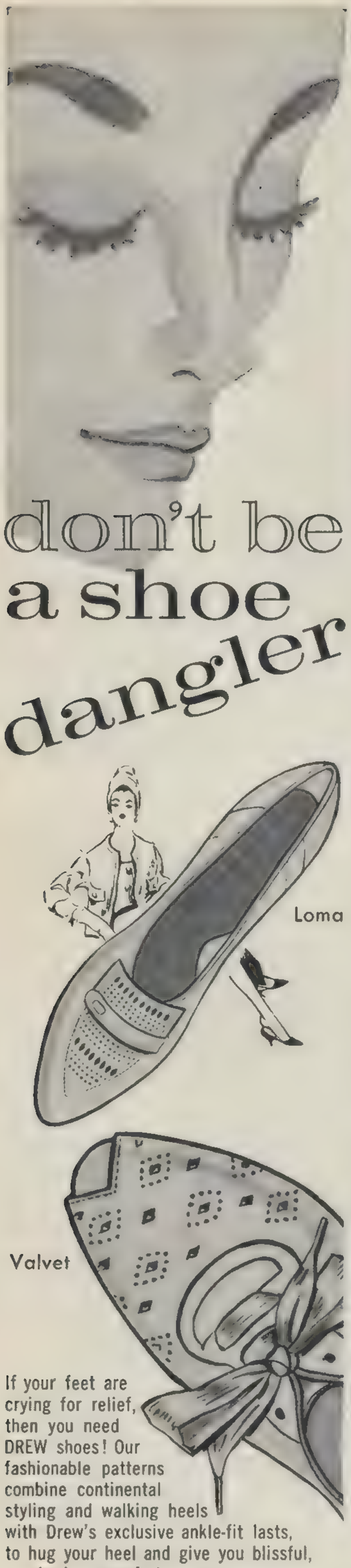


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Adding up the shoe score

(Details of the shoes on pages 104-105)

Reading from left to right:
Delman shoe, about $40, at Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's.
Evins shoe of Fleming-Joffe alligator, about $125;
at I. Miller; Neusteters; I. Magnin.
Customcraft shoe of Hiteman calfskin, about $23;
at Lord & Taylor; Neusteters; Bullock's-Wilshire.
Andrew Geller shoe of Seton patent leather, about $27;
at Andrew Geller, New York; Chicago.
Palter De Liso silk shoe, about $30; at Bonwit Teller;
Gus Mayer, all stores; Famous-Barr; Harzfeld's.
DeLiso Debs shoe of Loewenstein pigskin, about $21;
at Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop;
B. Forman; Famous-Barr.
Julianelli shoe of Hubschman calfskin,
about $37; at Lord & Taylor; Himelhoch's.

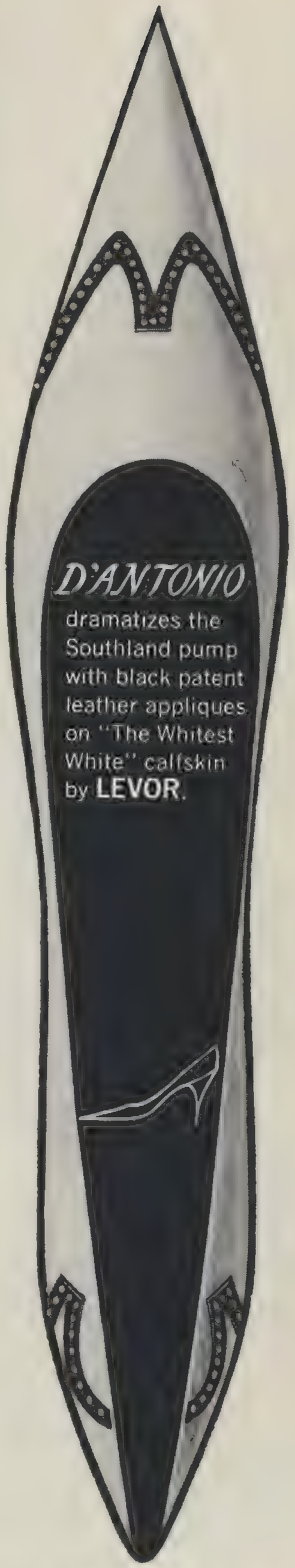
FRESHER THAN PAINT

(Continued from page 126)

On the west side, beyond the quiet fishing village of Porto Santo Stefano, the road ends on high at the new hotel, Torre di Cala Piccola, built around a tower standing where a Saracen tower once guarded. The tower, now a bar, serves dry, dry Martinis; in summer, its stone walls act as air conditioners. Stacked against the slopes are the attractive cottages, with arched doorways, foyers, sometimes a sitting room, fresh flowers, and hooded balconies facing the sea.

A complex of steps connecting the cottages leads down to the hotel's sandy, cliff-sheltered cove, spotted with umbrellas, staffed with a pleasant crew of beach boys. The hotel, incidentally, is already known for excellent service. Rates vary with the seasons: from July 15 to September 15, about $10 a day for one person, with three meals; now until early April, about $7; the rest of the time, about $8. Address: Torre di Cala Piccola, Porto Santo Stefano (Grosseto), Italy. Note: for island trips, the hotel makes the arrangements. Giglio is 10 miles away; Giannutri, 13 miles; Montecristo, 18. By car, the great Etruscan city of Tarquinia is around 49 miles; Florence, 102 miles; Rome, 90 miles.

Over the mountain at Porto Ercole, the smaller of the two fishing villages, the *trattorie* have as entertainment the quay activities —fishing boats, yachts, crouched boys playing, hills of fishing nets, women dressed in black wearing black kerchiefs on their heads, looking like their own shadows— scenes invariably fresh as first-run coloured movies. The restaurants are: Bucaniere, Stella Marina, Tre Bandiere, all serving good shrimp, lobster, *calamari* (squid), at reasonable prices.



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MRS. THOMAS GUINZBURG

(Continued from page 115)

new made because a bolt of fabric pleases her. ("For me," Mrs. Guinzburg said recently, "the really fascinating thing about fashion is a marvellous fabric.") Many of her clothes are made in Italy—the dozen or so pairs of impeccably tailored pants she owns have been mail-ordered over the years from the Sicilian tailor who cut the first pair in 1956. But most of her things—the white tweed copy of an Italian suit shown on the preceding page, her superb beaded evening coats and dresses—are made in Spain.

Except for a little mink jacket and the fur hats that she adores (the black one from Russia on page 112 was given to her by a friend, is worn everywhere—skating in the park because "it's warm," lunching at Côte Basque, because "it's divine!"), she doesn't consider herself a "fur person." She has, instead, an abundance of important-looking cloth coats in magnificent day-wools, sequinned or bead-embroidered for evening. Always, the shapes are little-nothing; the colour, never solid black. And always, the gloves she wears with them are short—white kid in the evening, black kid for day, white cotton in the summer, and string-and-leather short gloves for days that are tweed-and-children. The point is, she finds long gloves cumbersome—and, right or wrong, that's that. As for short gloves and the new shorter-than-long sleeves: "I just add an important-looking bracelet."

"Important" crops up often in Mrs. Guinzburg's clothes talk, not necessarily as a size-word. Her pins—like the spear-carrying gold-and-ebony blackamoor on page 113, and the plump diamond-edged moonstone that her husband gave her for Christmas—are, as pins go today, relatively small, but personally significant.

Important applies, too, to what she does with make-up, a technique that is as specifically her own as a signature, and consists mainly of emphasizing her astonishing eyes. This she does by using a minimum of make-up elsewhere: the palest dusting of powder, no rouge and, instead of lipstick, a mixture of lip gloss and a bit of cold cream, which leaves her lips rather as nature would—but more so. For eye liner, she uses ordinary charcoal, and brushes it on without a stutter. Failing the exact depth of grey eye shadow she prefers, she makes her own by burning out a match on a porcelain jar ("It must be porcelain, and you must go easy"), and mixing the smudge with just enough cold cream to make it spreadable. Finally, she adds white to highlight the bone of her brow, black mascara to her silky and practically interminable black lashes.

She adores experimenting with cosmetics (on location with a movie company in North Africa, she picked up a still used recipe for a quick shampoo—brandy, olive oil, and egg yolk), and with clothes (for her rôle as Queen Herodias in the forthcoming *King of Kings*, she designed many of her own costumes—"It worked out as a kind of road-company Nefertiti, but I loved doing it"). What she doesn't like—what she calls the "bugging thing in one's clothes life"—is keeping everything in repair, remembering about the buttons on shirts, the heels on shoes, what needs pressing when. An even more difficult chore: "keeping the closet weeded."

Although her handbags are bigger now than they used to be, and she will occasionally nerve herself to wear a long, green sequinned fishtail of a dress ("when I'm feeling very movie-star"), she feels there's been only one significant change in her fashion personality over the past few years: indicating the black-and-white coat on page 112, she said recently, "I've become, somehow, much simpler and much more daring at the same time."

ONE-ROOM APARTMENT, UNDER $1,700

Below, a rundown of the dash in the more-dash-than-cash apartment sketched on page 132. Everything in the room but one chair is included—that chair to be bought second-hand, or to have already. All stores and prices here: New York City.

TWO WINDOWS

Matchstick blinds, 6' long, 48" wide, 2 @ $3.29. Bloomingdale's	$ 6.58
Ticking for curtains, 40" wide, 14 yards @ $.90, at Hein & Kopins	12.60
Brass rods, 3½' per window @ $.40, at any hardware store	2.80
Brass rings, 12 per window @ $1.56 a dozen, at any hardware store	3.12
Brass hold-backs, 2 pair @ $7.50, by Ottavia	15.00
	$ 40.10

LIGHTING

Mexican brass-and-glass lamp, 23½" high, Phoenix-Pan American Shop	$ 50.00
"Baubles," Japanese green glass globes, 3 @ $5.50, Luten-Clarey-Stern*	16.50
(*Note:* "Baubles" come in 14 colours, can be grouped in endless variations.) Wiring, plastic-coated, plus ceiling plates for 3 globes	15.00
	$ 81.50

FURNITURE

Desk-table, cherry wood, 72" x 31" x 30" high, by Henredon, at Altman's	$239.00
Settee, walnut with wheat-woven seat, by Cavallo, at Lord & Taylor	98.00
Nest of 4 stools, walnut, wheat-woven seats, by Cavallo; Lord & Taylor	59.50
(ALTERNATE: Attractive velvet-covered, X-legged stools, from Spain, to be thought of in bright red with black braid, or green velvet with silver, are at Leigh Hammond, $75 each.)	
Armchairs, Italian provincial, walnut with wheat-woven seats, by Cavallo, 2 @ $65, at Lord & Taylor	130.00
Queen Anne side chairs, walnut with wheat-woven seats, by Cavallo, 2 @ $75, at Lord & Taylor	150.00
Round cigarette table, 18½" high, from Italy; Bloomingdale's	35.00
Venetian cabinet, walnut, 31" high, from Italy, at Bloomingdale's	149.00
Marble-topped table, walnut, from France, at Bloomingdale's	70.00
(ALTERNATE: A round formica-topped coffee table with black folding legs that, when called upon, adjust upwards so the table can seat four for dinner, $40 at Alice Marks. *Or:* a round white alabaster table, 12" high, 17" diameter, $25 at Martin Freeman*.)	
	$930.50

DAY BED

Box spring and mattress, single-bed size, by Sealy, at Bloomingdale's	$ 70.00
Plywood sides, 2 @ $10	20.00
Ticking for bed, 40" wide, 15 yards @ $.90 at Hein & Kopins	13.50
Bolsters, foam rubber, 2 @ $10	20.00
(*Note:* Bolsters to be supplemented by three bed pillows.)	
†To upholster ends, 2 @ $25	50.00
†To cover box spring and mattress	15.00
†To cover bolsters and pillows, 5 @ $7	35.00
	$223.50

ACCESSORIES

Tin mirror, 23¾" x 20", from Mexico, Phoenix-Pan American Shop	$ 20.00
Basket, for real or unreal greenery	4.00
Screen, 5' 4" high, four panels (each 17" wide), pine-framed, cardboard covered, at Bloomingdale's	14.00
To decorate screen, $20 a panel by Roman Art Screen Co	80.00
(*Note:* the screen could, instead, be outlined with wallpaper moulding.)	
Appliques, 17th-century bronze reproductions, the pair at Pierre Lehu	75.00
	$193.00

UPHOLSTERED CHAIR

The chair, tub, club, or any comfortably-stuffed one, can be picked up at a second-hand store (e.g. Salvation Army). Reupholstering, dashingly, is the point. Fabric, "Weymouth," a red, white, and blue floral hand-printed cotton by Cohama, 6 yards @ $3.00, at Bloomingdale's	$ 18.00
†To upholster	50.00
	$ 68.00

WALLS

Ticking for wall covering, 40" wide, 60 yards @ $.90 at Hein & Kopins	$ 54.00

RUG

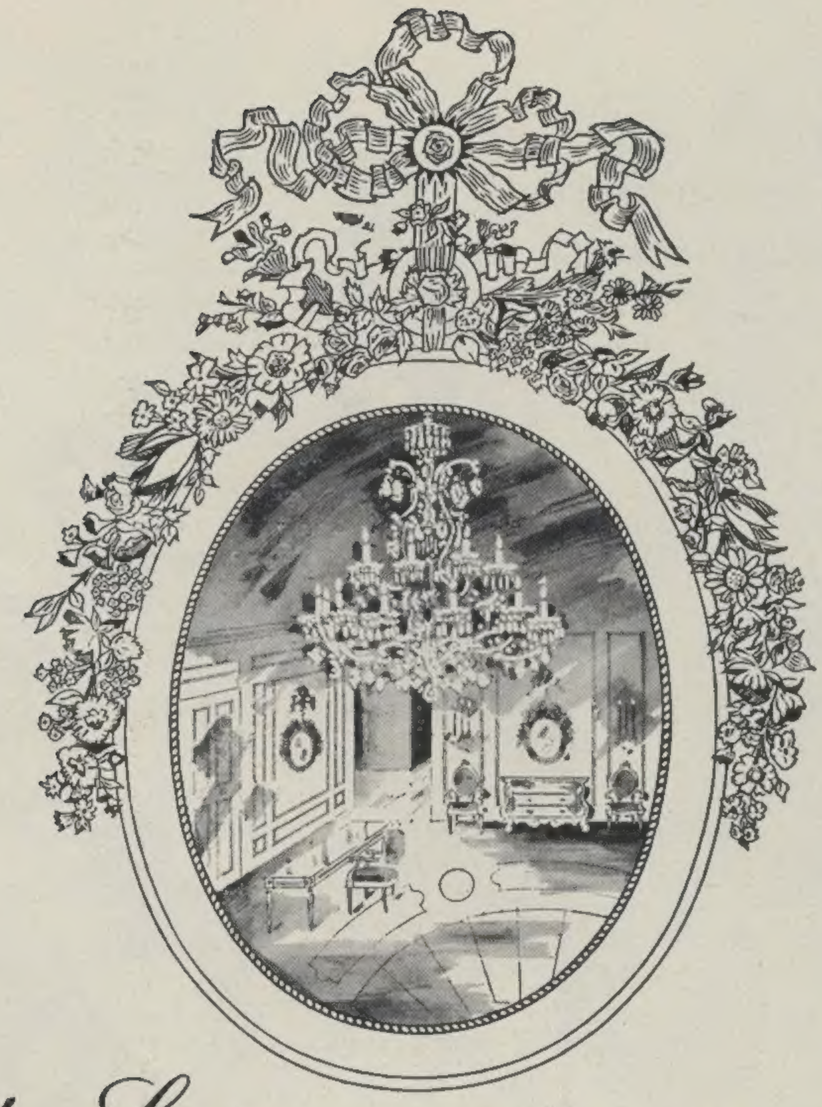
Astrakhan rug, 4' x 6', from Greece, to order at Leigh Hammond	$ 90.00
TOTAL	$1,680.60

*Through decorators †Upholstery prices quoted by H. Harmon Company, New York, N. Y.



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TWO

BEAUTY

SPAS

(Continued from page 107)

lobster, or chicken Tetrazzini, No liquor, by the way, is served here.

The daily rates for a room, meals, and the beauty treatment described above are $25 to $35. Facials, hairdressing, pedicures, manicures, and cosmetics sold in the beauty salon, are extra. The minimum stay is two days, but, of course, no weight loss can be expected in that short time. For reservations and more information write to Mrs. B. Kimmel, the Hambletonian Spa, Old Chester Road, Goshen, New York.

Going westward-ho for beauty

A few minutes from the Mexican border town of Tecate, is the Rancho La Puerta, a spa with Mediterranean airs. (It is incidentally the parent of the famous Golden Door beauty ranch in California.) The owners, Dr. and Mrs. Edmond Bordeaux Szekely, chose this one-thousand-acre ranch specially because of its Mediterranean climate, so pure that even the most resourceful conversationalists have a hard time not talking about it. That was twenty-one years ago this June. The main stream here is health—one of its first sources, the waters from an ancient mineral spring—with beauty as a relatively new branching. The Rancho now has a first-rate beauty salon, electrical and other exercise machines and a cosmetic line of its own, prepared from organic ingredients, some grown on its five farms.

The five farms, including the grape vineyard that supplies the ranch's grape cure (the generous natural sugar content of grapes is energizing), sprawl around Mexican brick and tile guest houses, some designed for whole families. Strictly vegetarian, the ranch grows all its own food, has its own bees, cows, and Nubian goats, outdoor stone ovens for baking a wildly nourishing black bread of whole wheat and sour-dough. Dieters are separated from the unconcerned slim and those who want to plump up in a special dining room with a menu aimed at a five-pound weight loss a week.

Based on an international patchwork of health ideas—the organic farming method is English, the grape cure French—Rancho La Puerta has Swiss sunbathing bins that insure privacy and prevent the sun from casting shadows on the sunbather; Sumerian sun-and-water baths; German hydrotherapeutic baths, Aztec herbal baths, Roman floreated oil massage, plus miles of Mexican trails for riding and a stable of horses. The pay plan is American, $15 a day. (One couple has stayed on for ten years; many guests come back like swallows.)

A planned morning, if you care to fall in with it that early, might start with seven A.M. calisthenics; afterwards, a swim in the spring waters of the stone pool, breakfast, spot-reducing classes, and perhaps before lunch a little intellectual toning-up in the Rancho's ten-thousand-volume library. This surprise in the Mexican hills has been collected by Dr. Szekely who has degrees in both philosophy and bio-chemistry; moves easily from directing a philosophy round table on weekday evenings to playing host at the Rancho's Saturday dancing parties (baby sitters can be arranged). Last summer, he and Mrs. Szekely held open-ranch-house for a five-day symposium on "The Human Potential" moderated by Aldous Huxley.

For reservations and more information about this spa in Mexico, the place to write is Rancho La Puerta, Tecate, California.

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